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VESTRY SONGS:

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS, SOCIAL MEETINGS,

AND

PRIVATE DEVOTIONS.

PREPARED FOR THE MASS. SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY, AND REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

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PREFACE.

The necessity of a book of the kind herewith presented to the public has been apparent to the compiler for many years, and after more than a quarter of a century's experience as a teacher in the Sabbath School, and in conducting music in the social meeting, and in the more public services of the sanctuary, the conclusion has been arrived at, that the book to be used in the Sabbath School, in the Social Meeting, and in the great Congregation, should be *one and the same*. Then our children would have indelibly impressed upon their minds, at an early age, the "Songs of Zion," which in after years they would delight to sing. There has been no aim to press the claims of original music in this work, but rather to exclude it; and its admission has only been allowed when no suitable published tune could be obtained. It is made up almost entirely of hymns and tunes which have long been associated with our dearest religious interests, being selections from the best authors, ancient and modern; and they are believed to be such as will at once commend themselves to every friend of Christ. The plan of having the music opposite the hymn is thought to be a great improvement and convenience; and one which will, no doubt, be properly appreciated by the rising generation, who have made so great progress in the art of music as to be able at a very early age to take a part understandingly in this delightful department of Christian worship. The arrangement of the book is by subjects rather than by metres, and is substantially the same with that of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society's Hymn Book; a work which needs to be examined only to be appreciated; and to the compiler of which, (the Rev. Dr. Albro, of Cambridge,) the warmest thanks are due for his invaluable suggestions in preparing the manuscript; and it may not be improper here to say, that every proof sheet has passed under his careful supervision. Thanks are also due to many kind friends for valuable assistance, and also to the publishers of most of our best church music books for the granted use of many of the most popular modern compositions, the acknowledgment of which will be found in its proper place. This little book is now sent forth with the earnest prayer that we may all be made by it better able to "sing praises" here and hereafter.

Newton, April, 1854. F. A. B.

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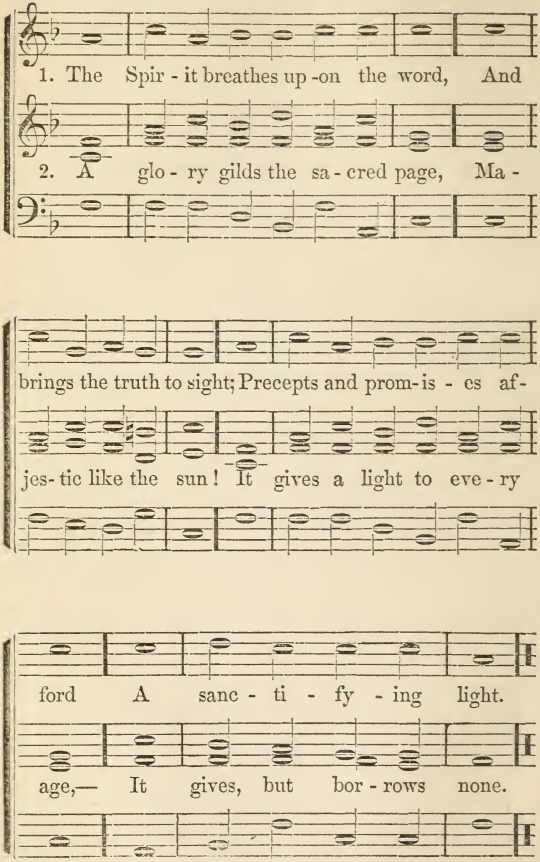
2 *Light and Glory of the Word.*



3 The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love;
Till glory break upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

---

3 *Study of God's Word.* C. M.

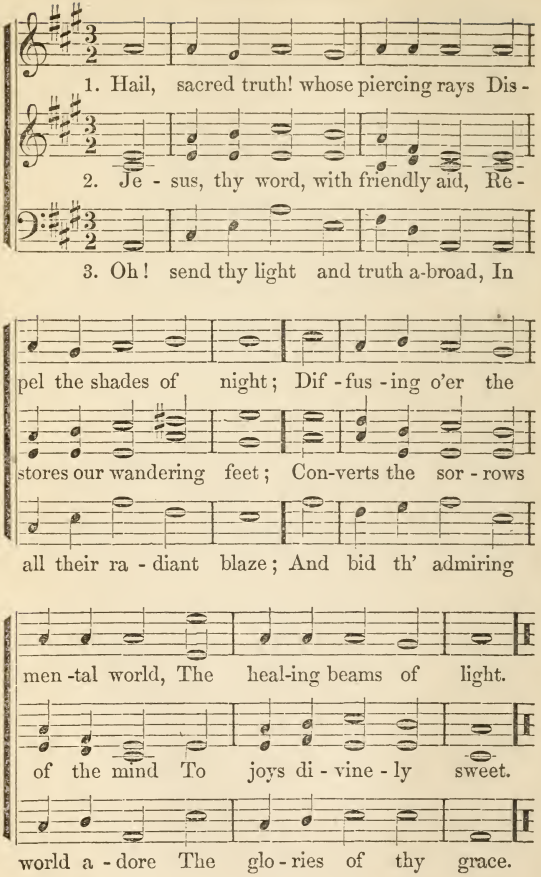
1 Happy the children of the Lord,
Who, walking in his sight,
Make all the precepts of his word
Their study and delight.

2 That precious wealth shall be their dower,
Which cannot know decay;
Which moth or rust shall ne'er devour,
Nor spoiler take away.

3 For them that heavenly light shall spread,
Whose cheering rays illume
The darkest hours of life, and shed
A halo round the tomb.

4 Their works of piety and love,
Performed through Christ their Lord,
For ever registered above,
Shall meet a sure reward.

4 *Revelation welcomed.*



5 *Guidance of the word.* C. M

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis like the sun—a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!—
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

---

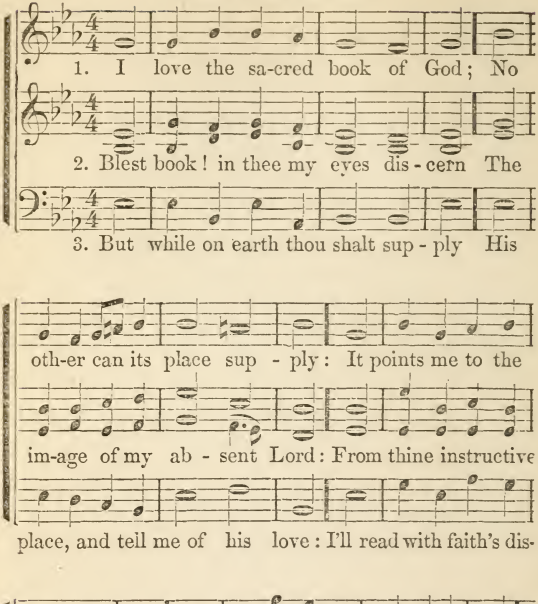
6 *The Seed of the Word.* C. M.

1 O God, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest,
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast;

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply:
The hope in earthly furrows sown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

7 *Delight in the Scriptures.*



* From Carmina Sacra, by permission.

8 *Divine Authority of the Bible.* L. M.

1 'Twas by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word—and must endure.

---

9 *Nature and Scripture compared.* L. M.

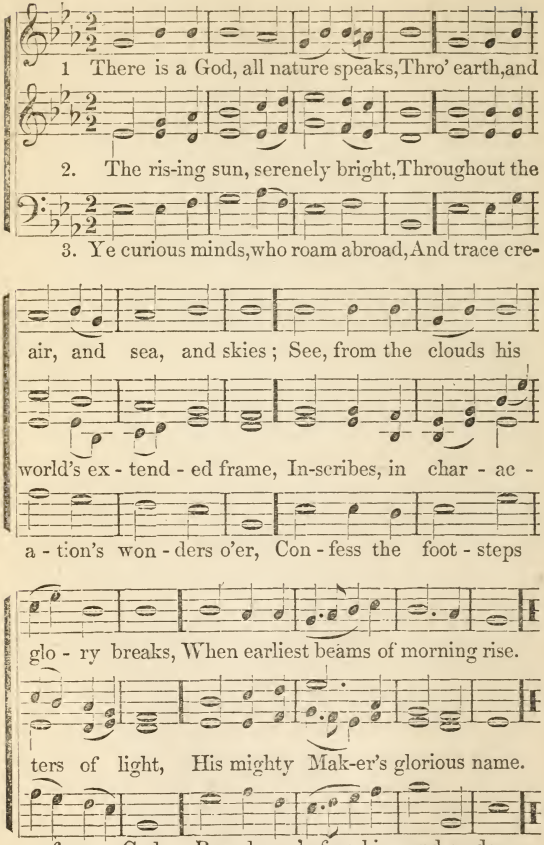
1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

10 *Existence of God manifest from his Works.*



11 *Goodness of God.* L. M.

1 Indulgent Lord! thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide, celestial plains;
And thence its streams redundant flow,
And cheer th' abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's works its glories shine;
The cares of providence are thine;
And grace erects our ruined frame,
A fairer temple to thy name.

3 Oh! give to every human heart
To taste and feel how good thou art!
With grateful love and holy fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

4 Let nature burst into a song;
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong;
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
All vocal with your Maker's praise!

---

12 *Perfections and Providence of God.* L. M

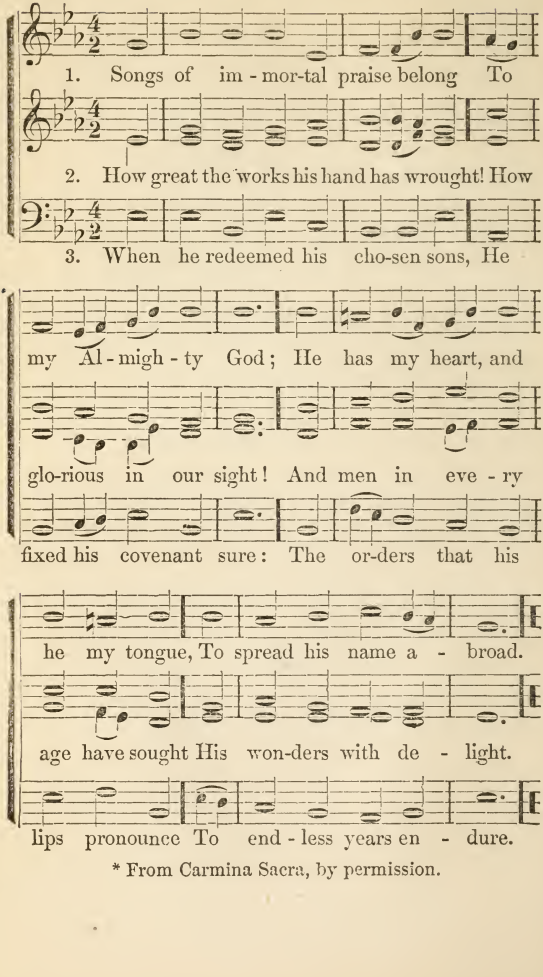
1 High in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,—
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

13 *The Works and Grace of God celebrated.*



* From Carmina Sacra, by permission.

14 *God is every where.* C. M.

1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

---

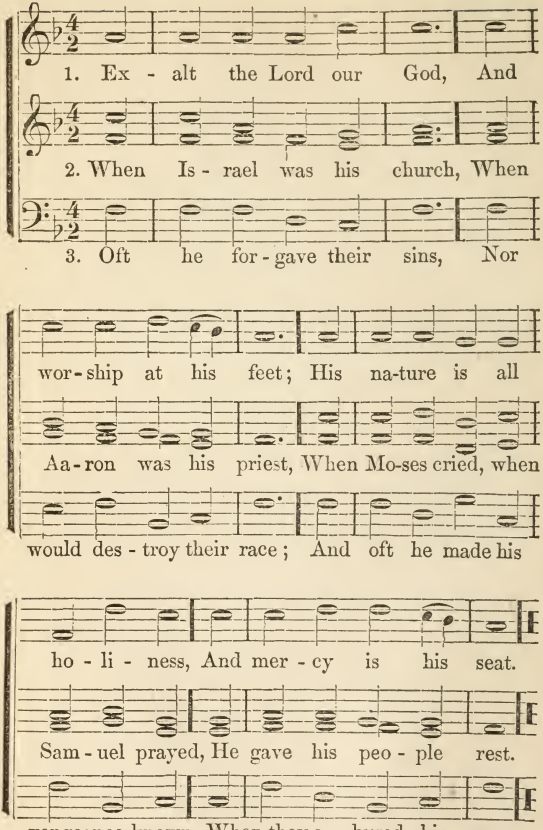
15 *The Attributes of God our Confidence.* C. M.

1 Great God! thine attributes divine,
Thy glorious works and ways,
The wonders of thy power and might,
The universe displays.

2 In safety may thy children rest
On thy sustaining arm;
Extended still, and strong to save
From danger and alarm.

3 O, may thy gracious presence, Lord,
Chase anxious fears away;
Amidst the ruins of the world,
Our guardian and our stay!

16 *The Majesty and Grace of Jehovah.*



* From Carmina Sacra, by permission.

17 *The Goodness and Mercy of God celebrated.* S. M.

1 My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

---

18 *Prayer to the Trinity.* S. M.

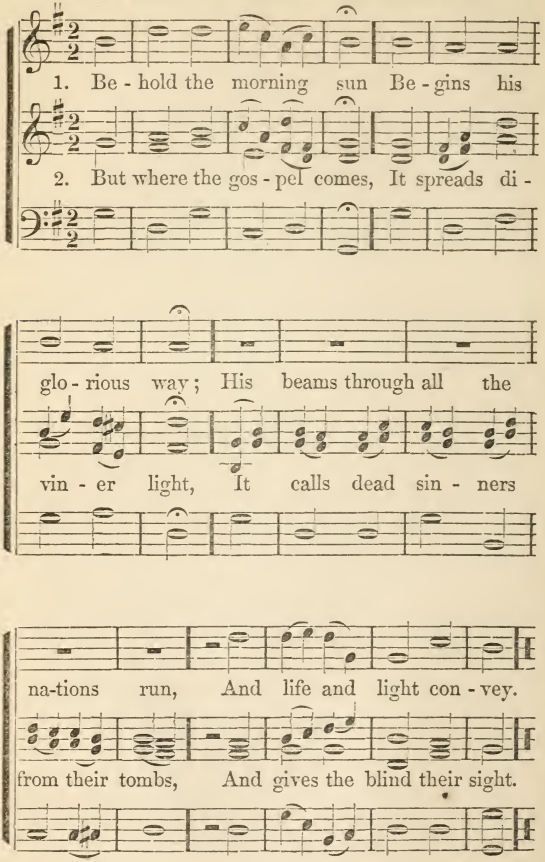
1. O Lord, our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Extend thy healing wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 Let all on earth arise,
To God the Saviour sing,
From shore to shore—from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring!

19 *The Glory of God in his works and in his word.*



3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh! may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

20

---

1 Behold, the lofty sky
Declares its maker God;
And all the starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

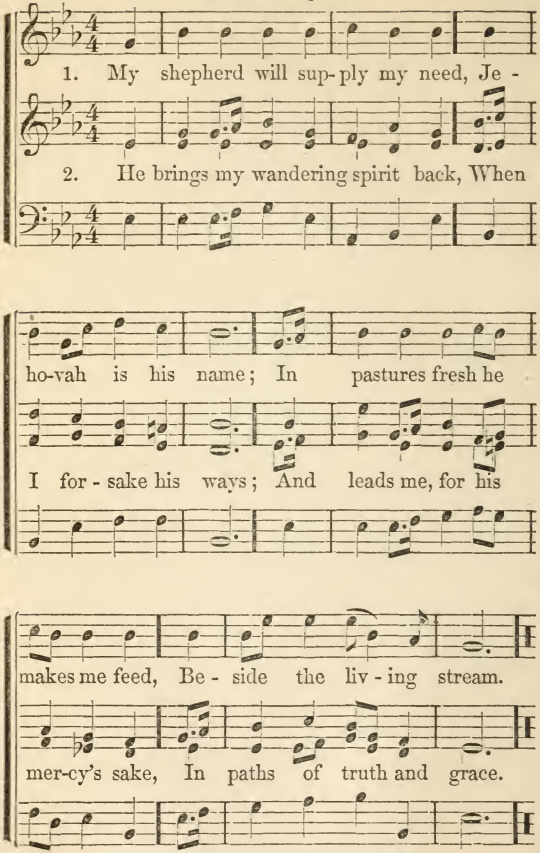
2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day—and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 His laws are just and pure;
His truth without deceit;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

5 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim;
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

21 *God our Shepherd.*



* From Carmina Sacra, by permission.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
One word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
Oh may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.

22 ——— C. M.

1 The Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

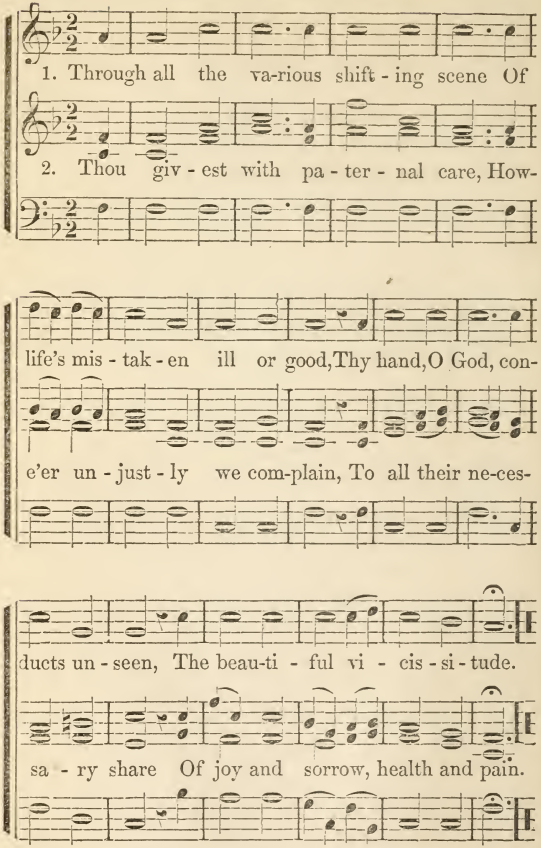
2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

3 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

23 *Paternal Providence of God.*



* From Ancient Lyre, by permission.

3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thine eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue th' appointed end.

4 Be this my care!—to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God, on thee.

---

24 *Midnight Hymn.* L. M.

1 Where'er I am, whate'er I see,
Eternal Lord, is full of thee;
I feel thee in the gloom of night,
I view thee in the morning light.

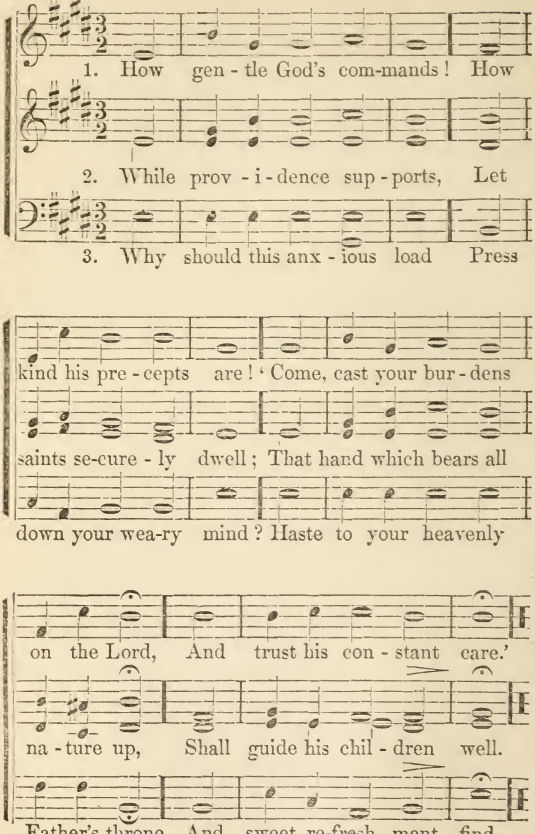
2 When care distracts my anxious soul,
Thy grace can every thought control;
Thy word can still the troubled heart,
And peace and confidence impart.

3 If pain invade my broken rest,
Or if corroding griefs molest,
Soon as the Comforter appears,
My sighs are hushed, and dried my tears.

4 Thy wisdom guides, thy will directs,
Thy arm upholds, thy power protects;
With thee when I at dawn converse,
The shadows sink, the clouds disperse.

5 Then, as the sun illumes the skies,
O, Sun of righteousness, arise!
Dispel the fogs of mental night,
Being of beings,—Light of light!

25 *God's Care a Remedy for ours.*



* From Carmina Sacra, by permission.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

---

26 *Adoption.* S. M.

1 Behold! what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

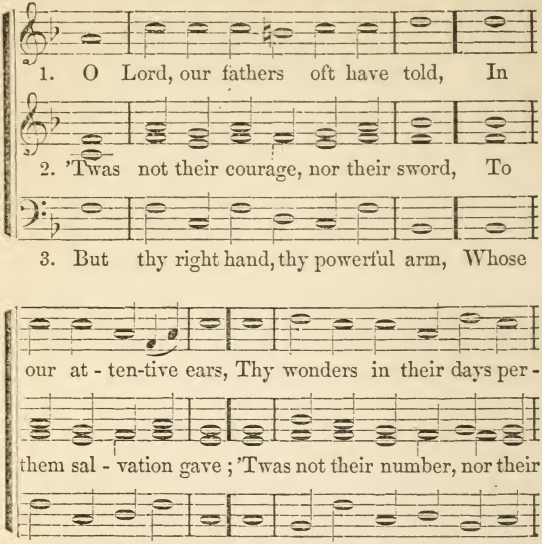
3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

27 *Deliverances acknowledged.*



4 As thee, their God, our fathers owned,
So thou art still our King;
O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.

---

28 *God a Refuge in Trouble.* C. M.

1 Hail, gracious Source of every good,
Our Saviour and defence,
Thou art our glory, and our shield,
Our help and confidence.

2 When anxious fears disturb the breast,
When threatening foes are nigh,
To thee we pour our deep complaint,
To thee for succor fly.

3 Jesus, our Lord—our only hope,
Before thy throne we bow:
Thou art our strength—and thou the rock
Whence living waters flow.

---

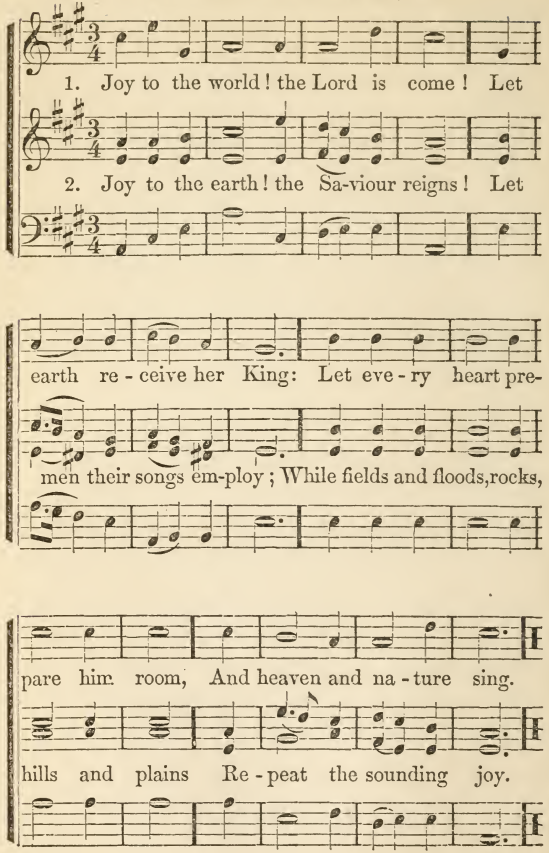
29 *Trust in God.* C. M.

1 On God, my soul, with patient hope,
Resigned, in silence wait;
He bears my sinking spirit up,
Then let my joy be great.

2 God my salvation shall complete;
From him my glory springs;
Rock of my strength! my soul shall wait
Its refuge in his wings.

3 My rock! my saviour! my defence!
My everlasting stay!
Not all my foes shall pluck me thence,
Nor move my soul away.

29 *The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.*



3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.

4 He rules the worlds with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

---

30 *Design of Christ's Advent.* C. M.

1 Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

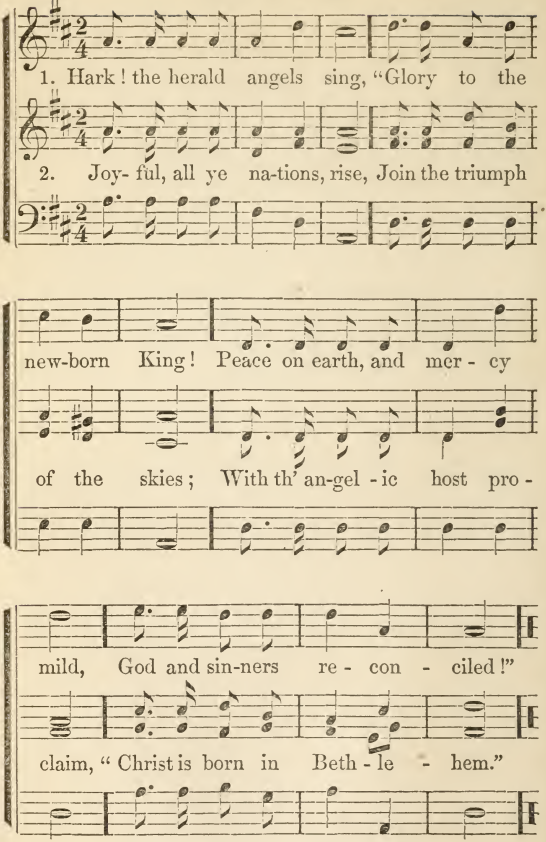
2 He comes—the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes—from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes—the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

31 *Advent of Christ.*



* From Modern Harp, by permission.

3 Mild, he lays his glory by;
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.

4 Veiled in flesh—the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity;
Pleased as man with men t' appear,
See the great Immanuel here.

5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Son of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

---

32 *Names of Christ* 7s

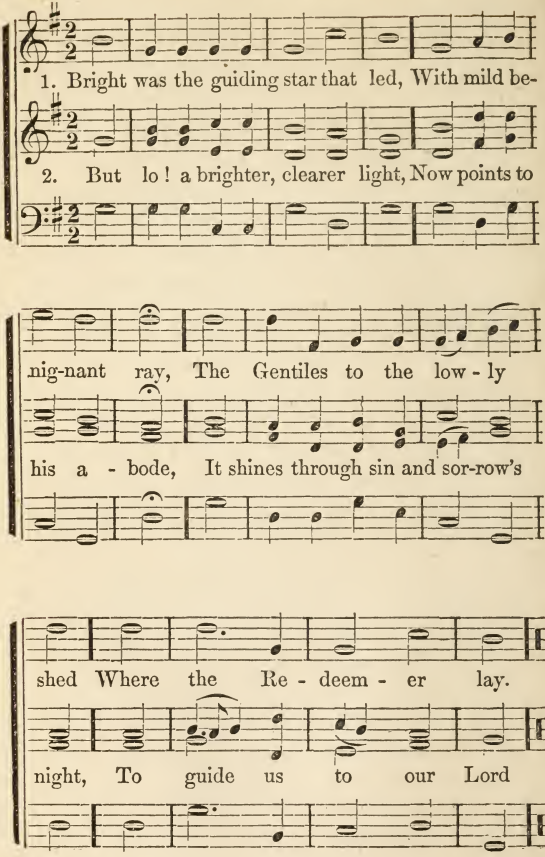
1 Bright and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.

2 On his shoulder he shall bear
Power and majesty—and wear,
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful—names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel he,
Christ, th' incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and prince of Peace.

4 Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to him the homage meet;
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

33 *The guiding Star.*



3 O haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

4 O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven.

---

34 *A Light to lighten the Gentiles.* C. M.

1 The race that long in darkness pined,
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

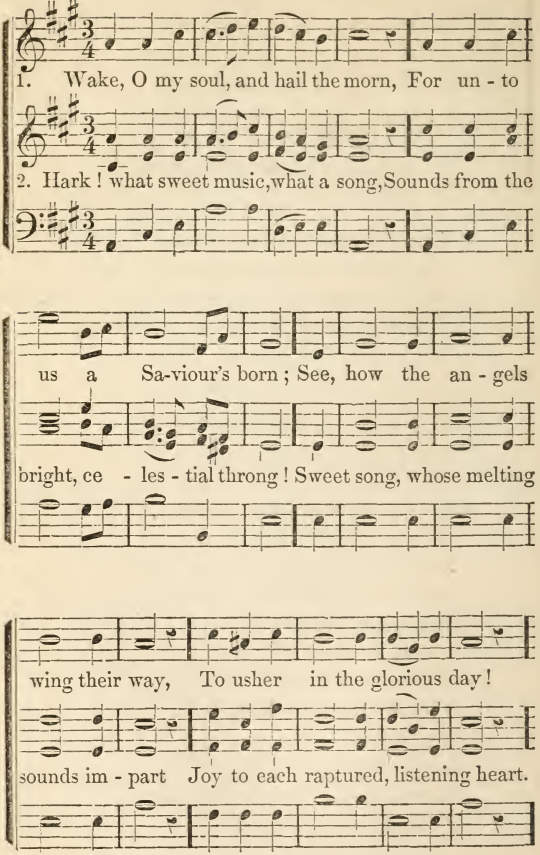
2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

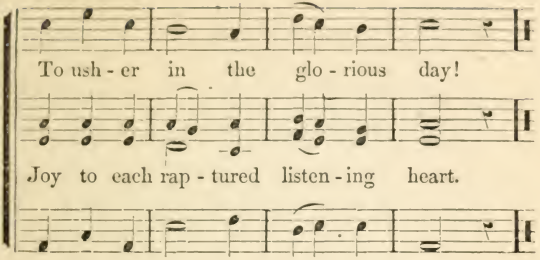
3 To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

4 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
Whose rule shall stretch abroad,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty God.

5 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

35 *Nativity of the Saviour.*





3 Come, join the angels in the sky,
Glory to God who reigns on high;
Let peace and love on earth abound,
While time revolves and years roll round

---

36 *Christ's Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.* L. M.

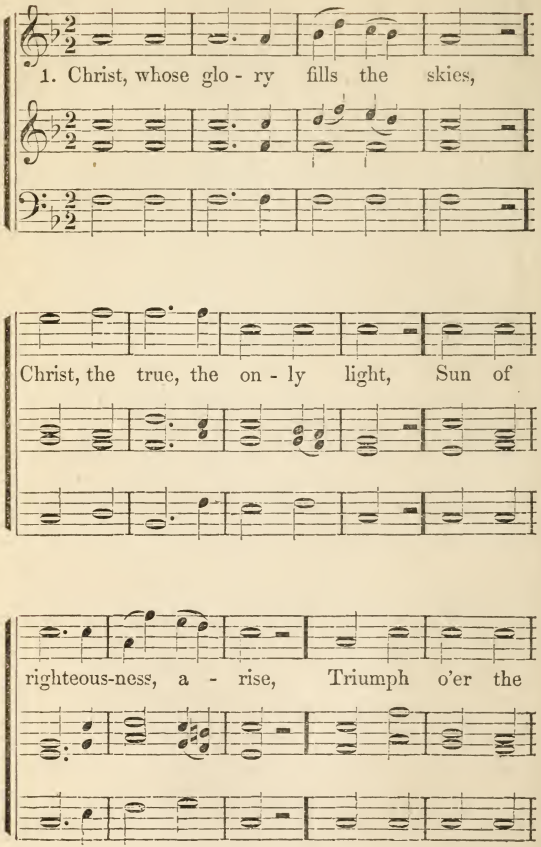
1 Come, tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,
Your dying, rising Lord to sing;
And echo, to the heavenly plains,
The triumphs of your Saviour King.

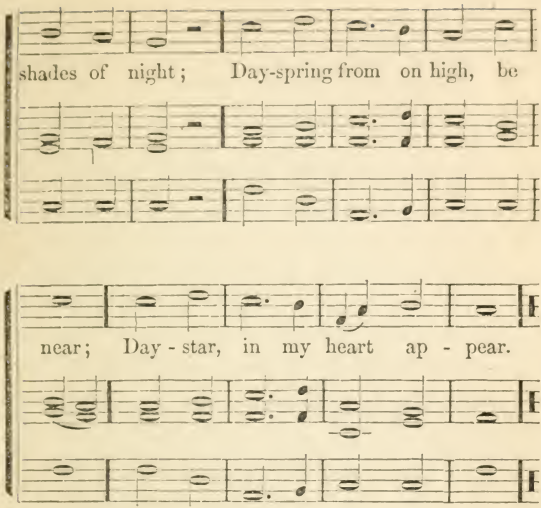
2 In songs of grateful rapture tell,
How he subdu'd your potent foes;
Subdu'd the powers of death and hell,
And, dying, finish'd all your woes.

3 Then to his glorious throne on high,
Return'd; while hymning angels round,
Through the bright arches of the sky,
The God, the conquering God, resound.

4 Almighty love, victorious power!
Not angel tongues can e'er display
The wonders of that dreadful hour—
The joys of that illustrious day.

37 *Christ our Light.*

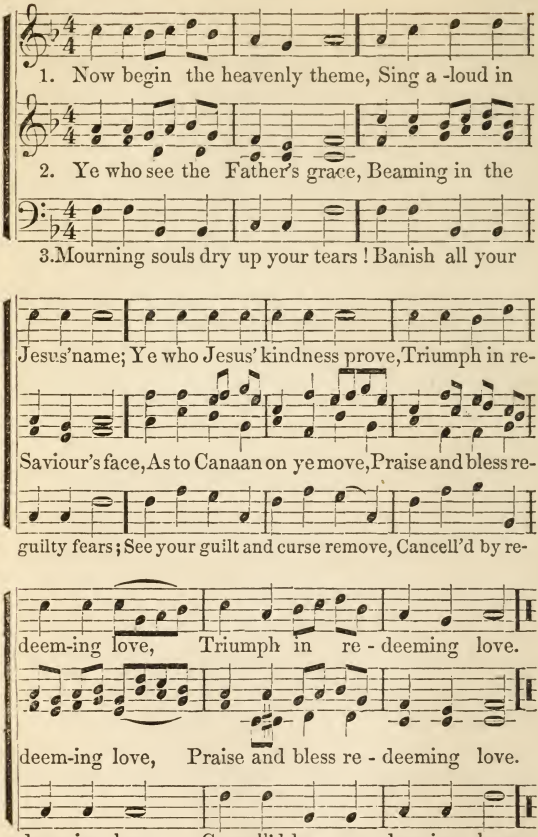




2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

38 *Redeeming love.*



* From Willis's Choir Studies, by permission.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin;
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Mortals join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

---

39 *Praise to Christ.* 7s.

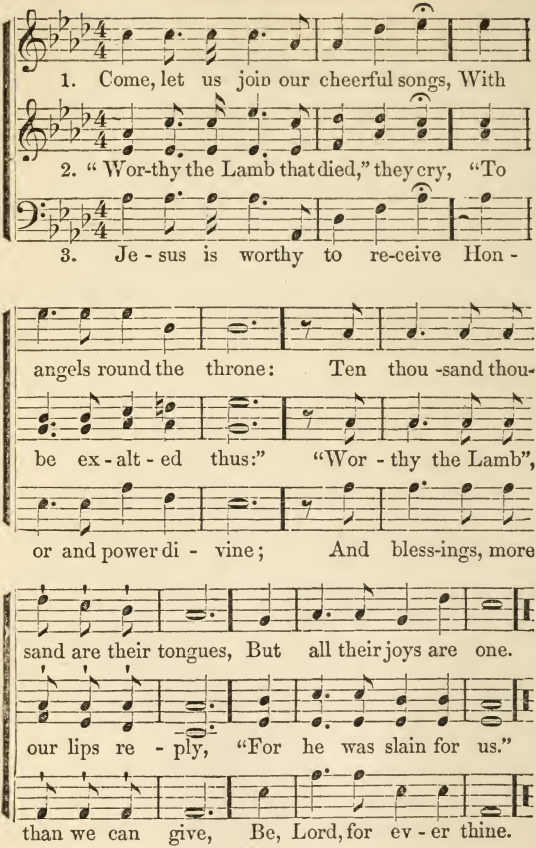
1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun—
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 Saints below with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice:
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

40 *Praise for Redemption.*



* From Modern Harp, by permission.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

---

41 *Redemption by Christ.* C. M.

1 Strike then, O, strike the golden strings,
And sing the name divine,
From whence thy joy perennial springs,
The seraph's Lord, and thine.

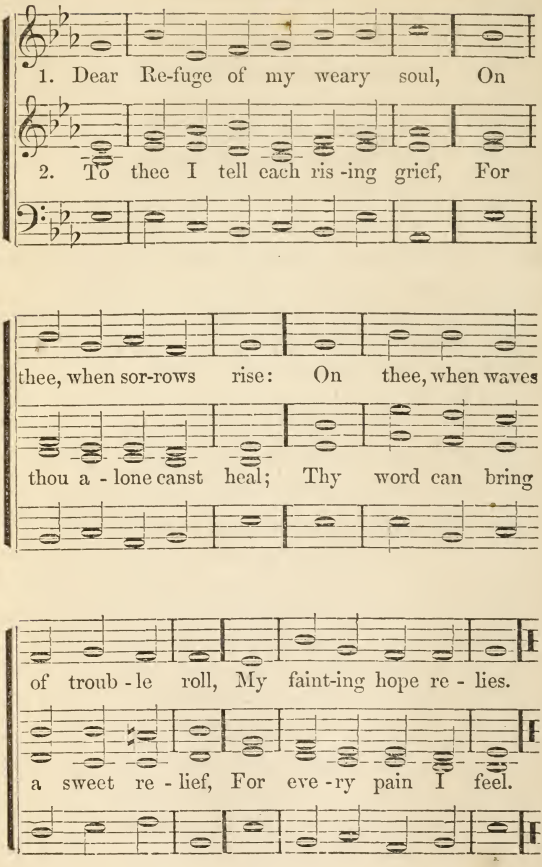
2 Sing the unfathomable love,
The wisdom, truth and grace
Of him who left the world above,
To take the sinner's place:

3 Removed the cup of grief from thee,
And drank its deepest wo;
And bade thy soul, from sorrow free,
His joy for ever know.

4 He is thy joy, he is thy praise
Who did thy soul redeem,
And he shall be to endless days,
Thine unexhausted theme.

5 That fount of purest pleasure knows
No changes nor alloy;
The joy that from God's presence flows
To everlasting joy.

42 *Christ my Refuge.*



3 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine:
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

---

43 *Christ a Light in darkness.* C. M.

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day!

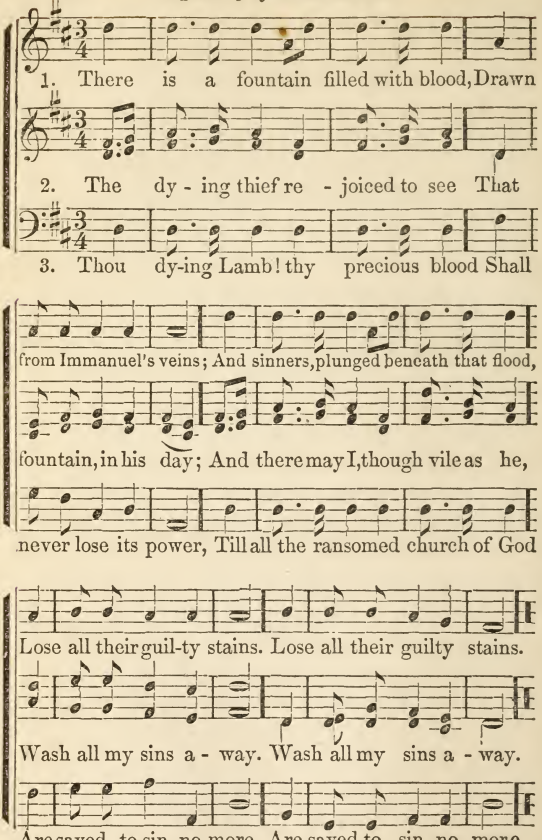
2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and O, amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels! assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

44 *Sufficiency of the Atonement.*



* From Carmina Sacra, by permission.

4 Since first, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, falt'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

---

45 *Pity and condescension of Christ.* C. M.

1 The Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

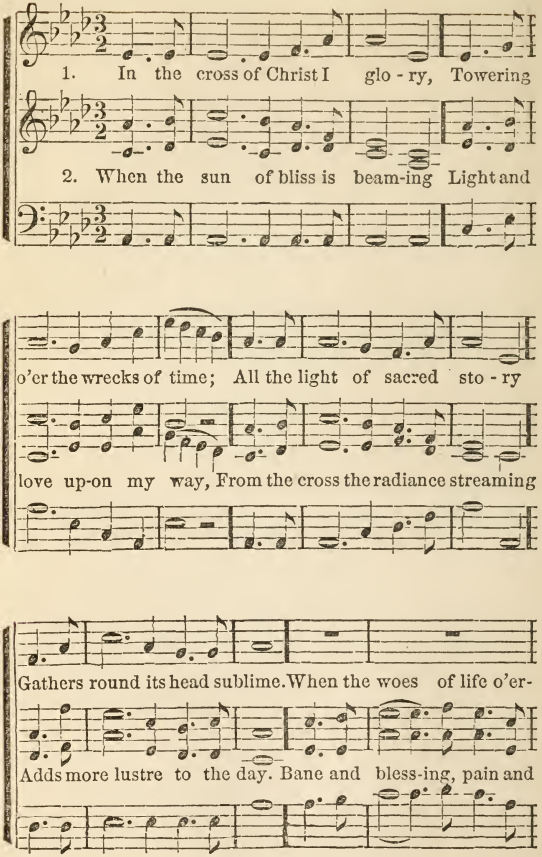
2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless wo.

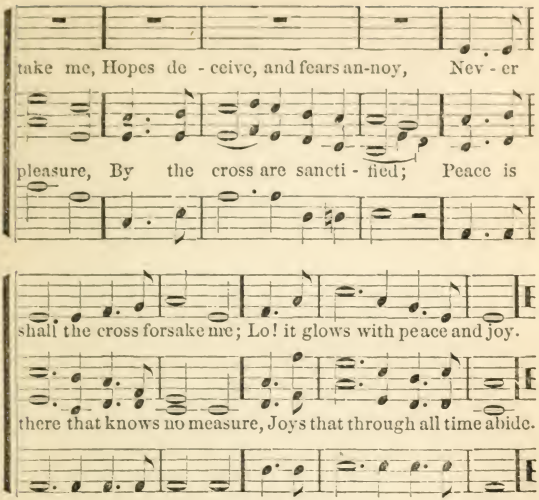
3 Th' almighty Former of the skies,
Stoops to our vile abode;
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail th' incarnate God.

4 Oh, the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine—
I cannot wish for more!

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

46 *The Cross of Christ.*



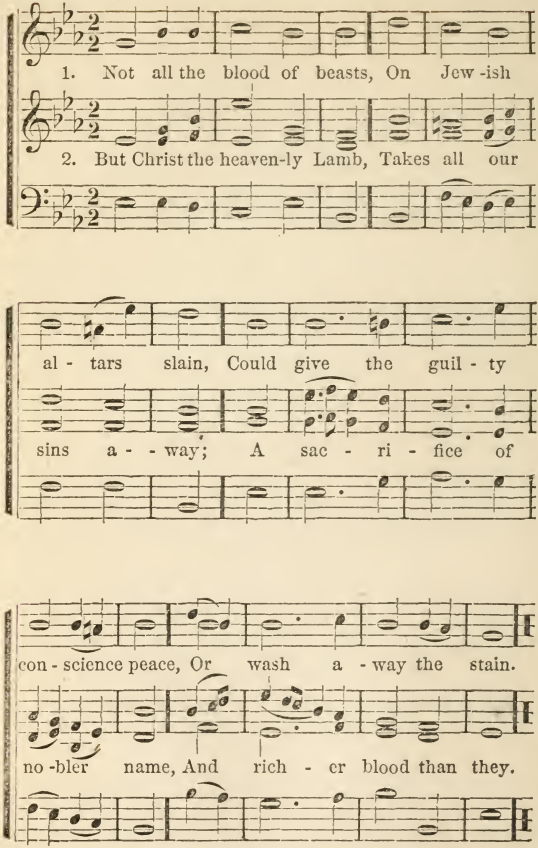


47 *Prayer to Christ.* 8s & 7s

1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
E'er repose our spirits seal:
Sin and want we come confessing:
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee:
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
[5*] Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

48 *Christ our Sacrifice.*



3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

---

19 *Christ the Sun of Righteousness.* S. M.

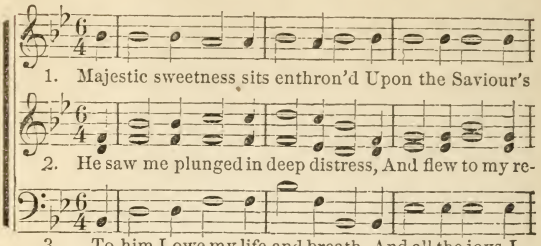
1 We lift our hearts to thee,
Thou day-star from on high;
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

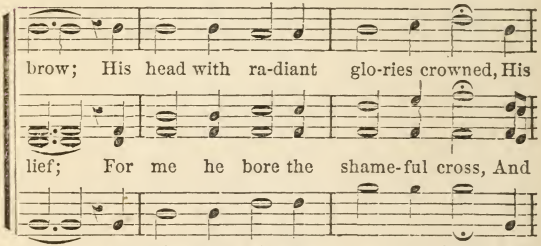
2 Oh let thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night;
And let the glories of thy love,
Come like the morning light.

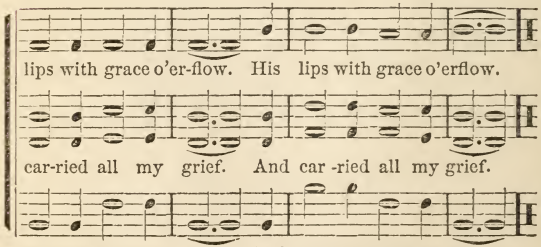
3 How beauteous nature now!—
How dark and sad before!—
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.

50 *"Chief among Ten Thousand."*







* By permission.

4 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

5 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

---

51 *Christ precious.* C. M.

1 How sweet the name of *Jesus* sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

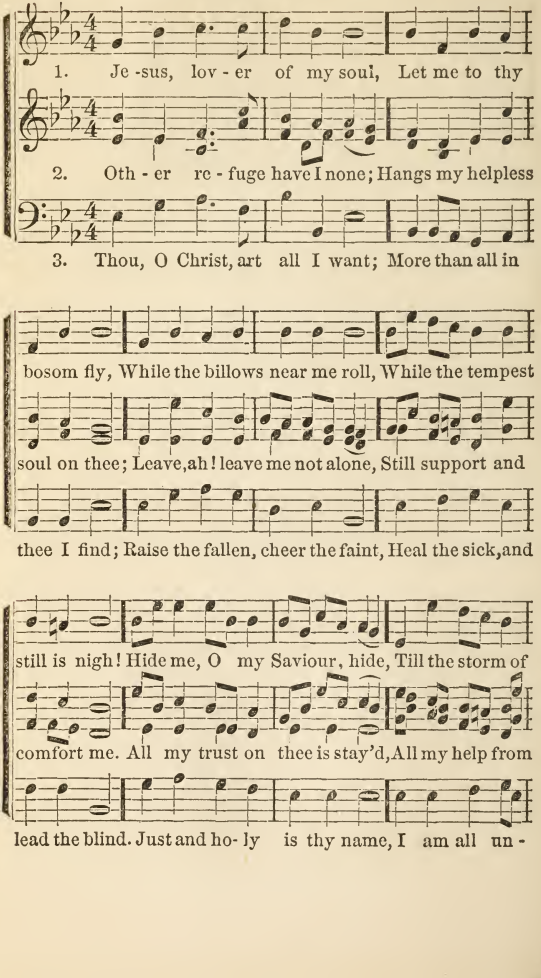
2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

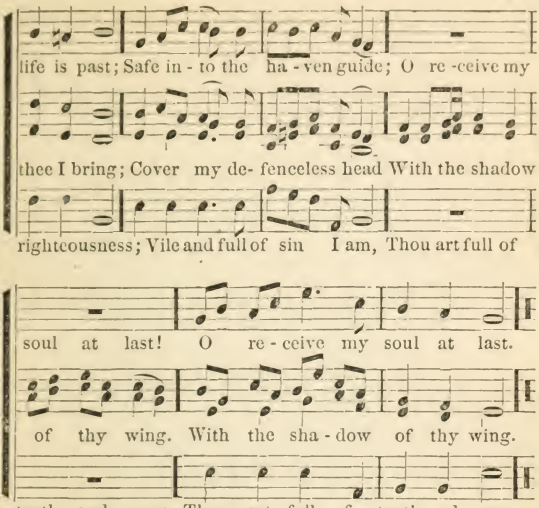
3 By him, my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

52 *Christ, the Refuge from the Storm.* 7s.





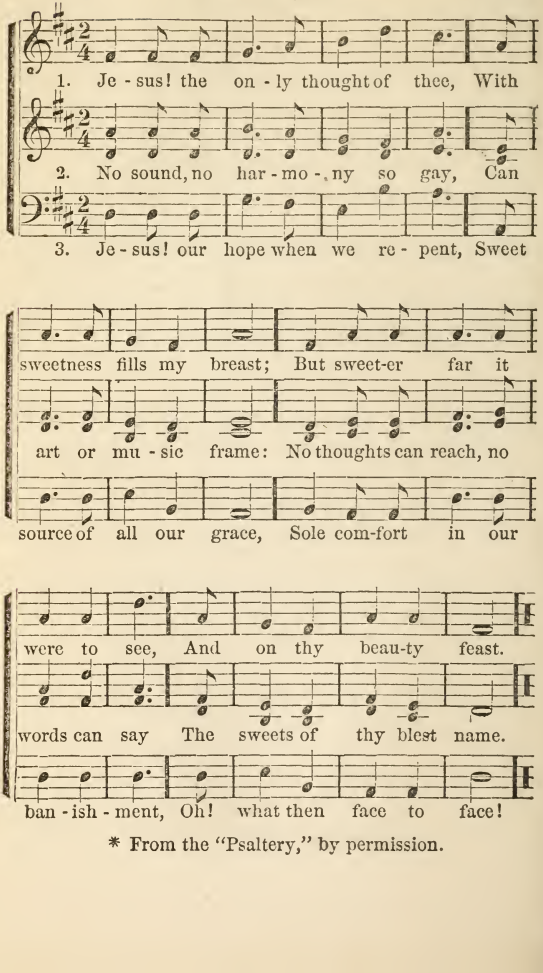
33 *Christ the heavenly Shepherd.* 7s.

1 To thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge,
And my couch with tenderest care
Midst the springing grass prepare.
When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

2 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread;
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard, and that my guide.
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend,
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

Arranged from Palestrina, 1560.

54 *In memory of Jesus.* C. M.



* From the "Psaltery," by permission.

4 Come then, dear Lord, possess my heart,
Chase thence the shades of night;
Come, pierce it with thy flaming dart,
And ever shining light.

---

55 *Christ the Way, Truth, and Life.* C. M.

1 Thou art the WAY—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, in thee.

2 Thou art the TRUTH—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the WAY—the TRUTH—the LIFE;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep—that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

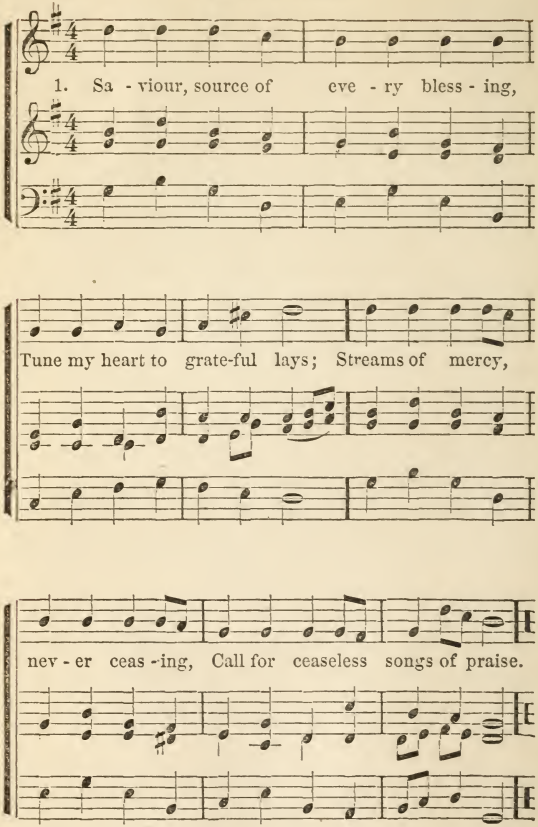
---

56 *Prayer for the Universal reign of Christ.* C. M.

1 Come, blessed Saviour, from above,
O'er all our hearts to reign;
Come, plant the kingdom of thy love,
In every heart of man.

2 All sin and sorrow then shall cease;—
Thy Holy Spirit given,
Pure joy and everlasting peace,
Shall turn our earth to heaven!

57 *Praise to Christ.*



* From Willis's Choir Studies, by permission.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life, thus far, I'm come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

---

58 *Friend.*

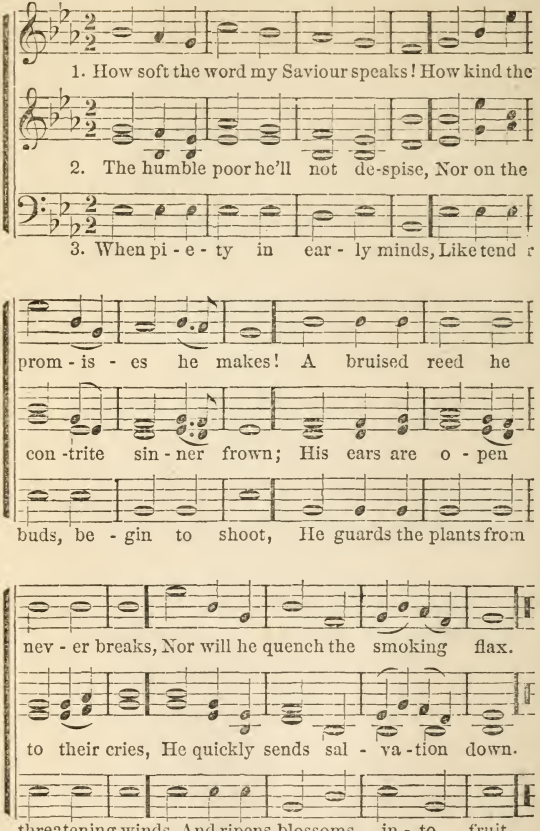
1 One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love, beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would have shed his blood;
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God.

3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above.

59 *Christ always near.*



* From Modern Harp, by permission.

4 With humble souls he bears a part
In all the sorrows they endure;
Tender and gracious is his heart,
His promise is forever sure.

---

60 *Jesus teaching the People.* L. M.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

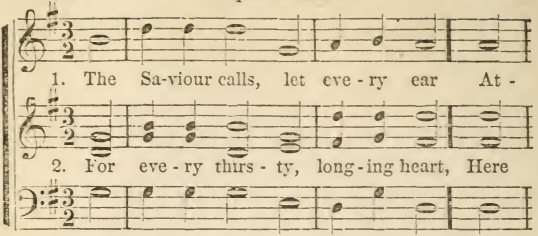
---

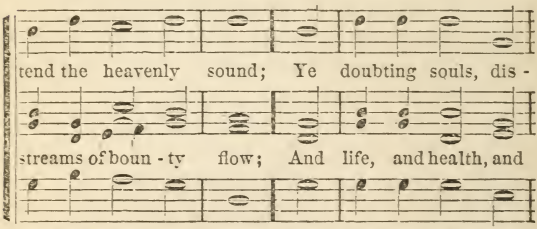
61 *Parting hymn.* L. M.

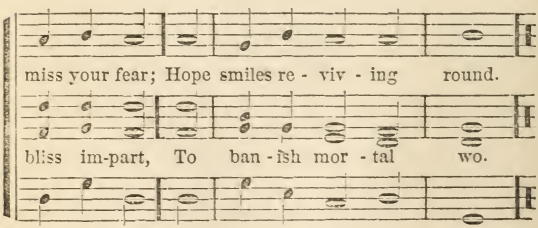
1 Come, christian brethren! ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart,
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, releas'd from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

62 *"Gospel Invitation."*







* From Carmina Sacra, by permission.

63 *Coming to Christ.* C. M.

1 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

2 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess,
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.

3 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my pray'r;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

4 "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolv'd to try:
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

---

64 *Free Grace.* C. M.

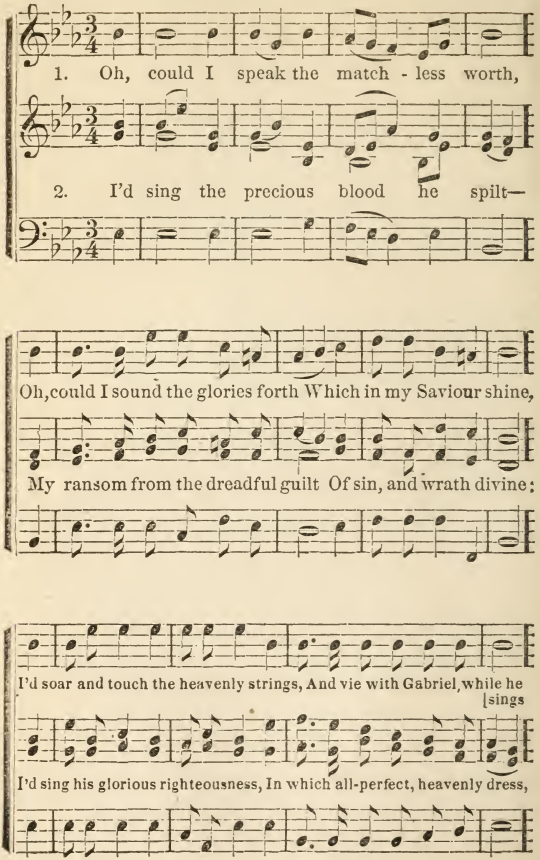
1 Oh what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

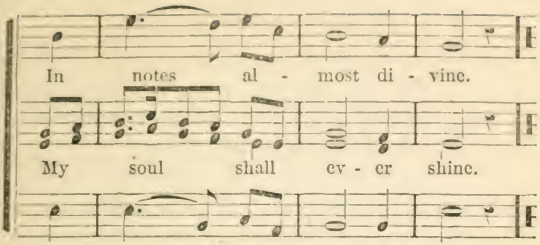
2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here:
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring!
Here love—unchanging love abounds,
A deep, celestial spring!

4 Whoever will—oh gracious word!
Shall of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls—and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake!

65 *Praise to the Redeemer.*





3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

---

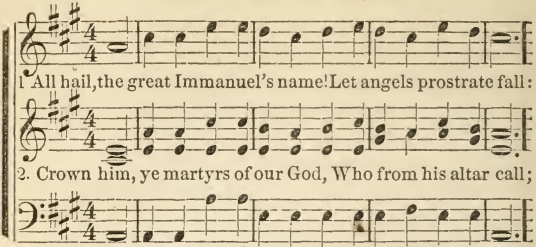
66 *Trusting in Christ for Pardon.* C. P. M.

1 O Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send:
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
'Thy Maker is thy friend.'

67 *Christ crowned as Lord of All.*



4 Ye gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred—every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
And join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

---

68 *Singing the Song of the Redeemed.* C. M.

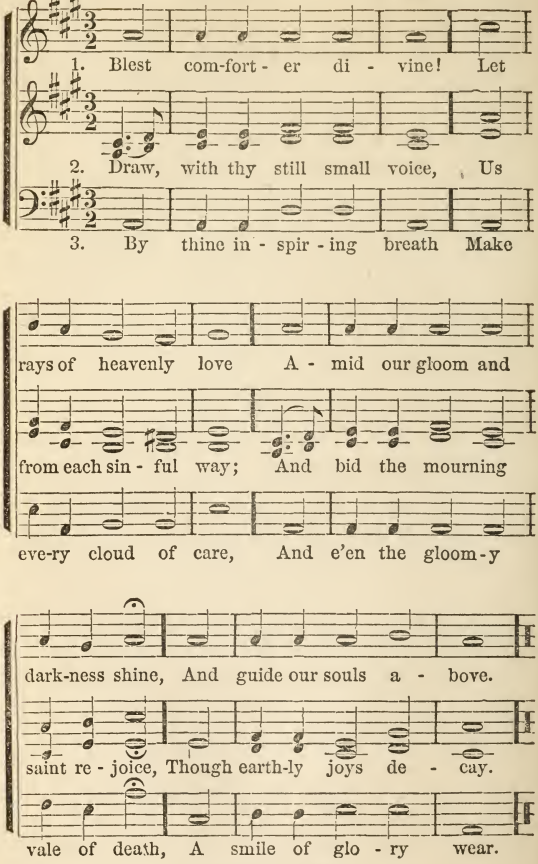
1 Sing we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love.

3 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave;

4 Then, hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given:
May all who now this anthem raise
Renew the song in heaven.

69 *Guidance of the Holy Spirit desired.*



* By permission.

4 O, fill thou every heart
With love to all our race!
Great Comforter! to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

---

70 *Influences of the Spirit implored.* S. M

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 O, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue:
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise,
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

71 S. M.

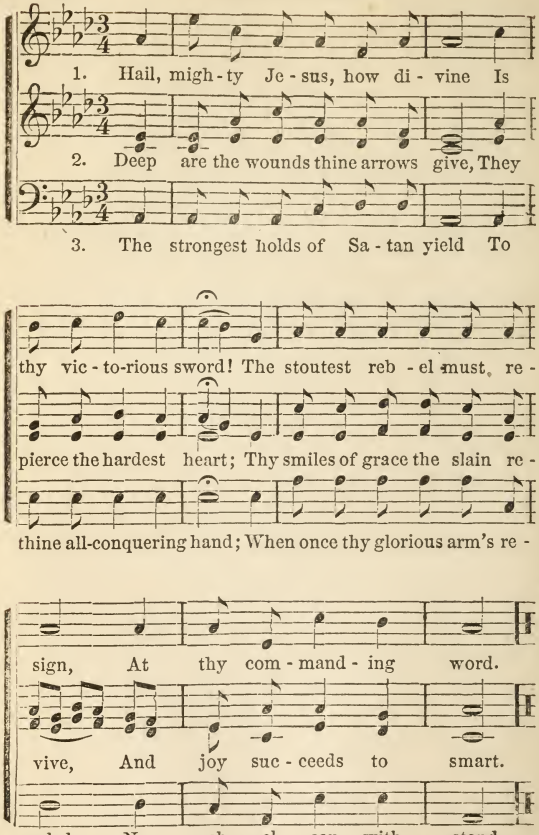
1 Come, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

72 *Converting Grace.*



* By permission.

73 *Regeneration by the Holy Spirit.* C. M.

1 Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From their long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

---

74 *The witnessing and sealing Spirit.* C. M.

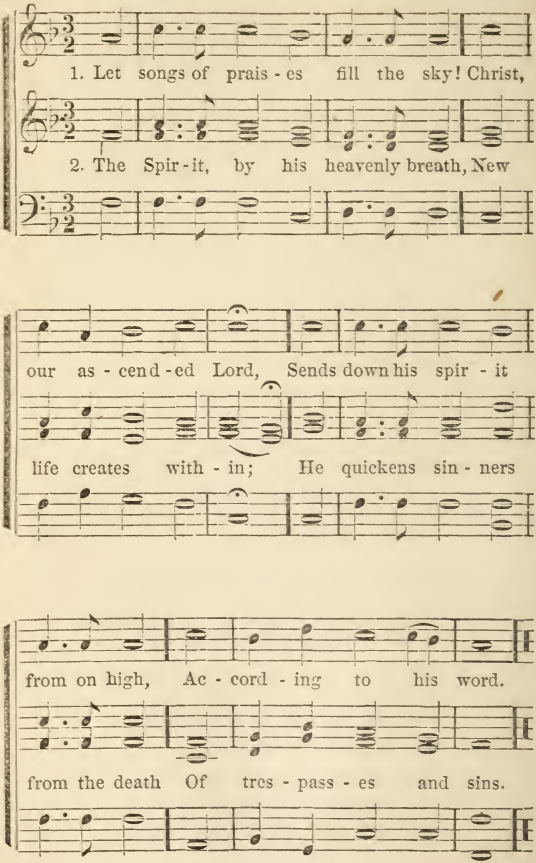
1 Why should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiv'n?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,—
The pledge of joys to come:
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

75 *The Coming of the Holy Ghost.*



3 The things of God the Spirit takes
And shows them unto men;
The contrite soul his temple makes,
God's image stamps again.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love,
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

---

76 *Quickening of the Holy Spirit.* C. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

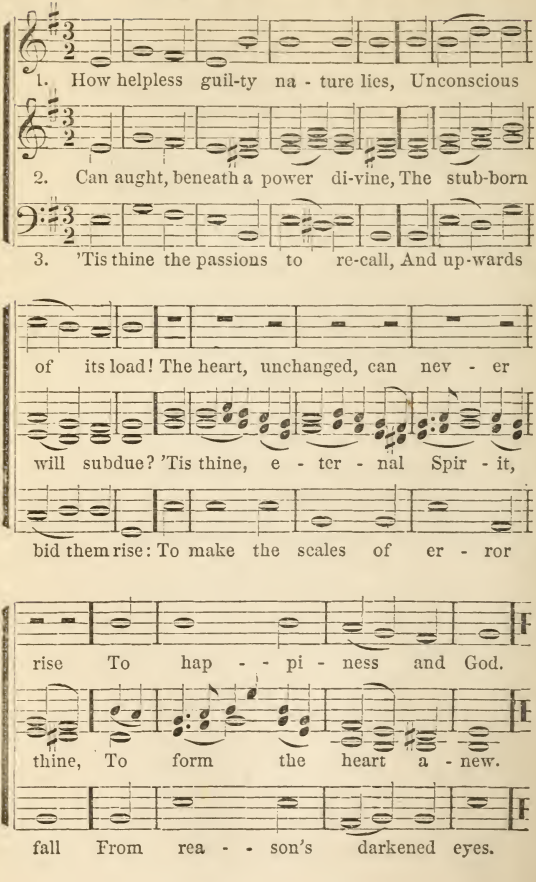
2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

77 *Death in Trespasses and Sins.*



4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live:
A beam of heaven—a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

5 O, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

---

78 *Prayer for the Day of Pentecost.* C. M.

1 Spirit of truth! on this thy day
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality!

2 We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervor in our own.

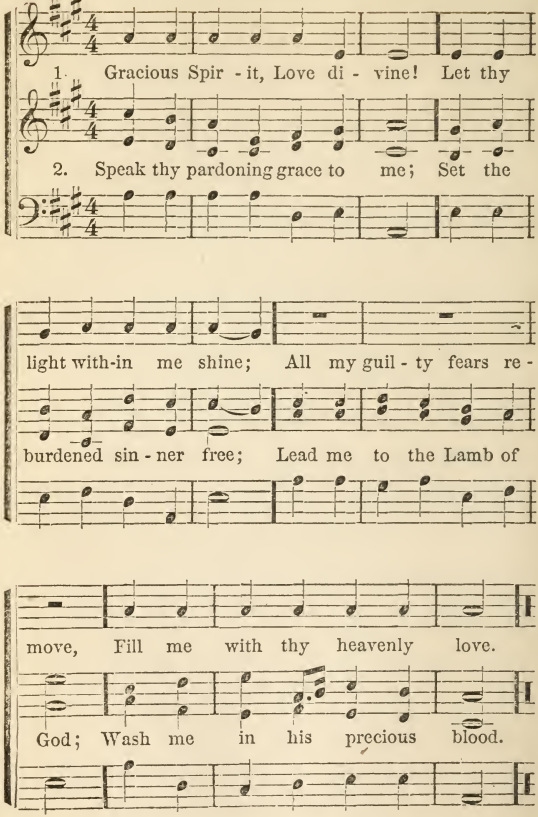
3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control;
But thou in dark temptation's hour
Shalt chase them from the soul.

5 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

6 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, and hope, and love!

79 *The Comforter.*



* Melody from Spiritual Songs, by permission.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart:
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, for I am thine.

80 ——— 7s.

1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

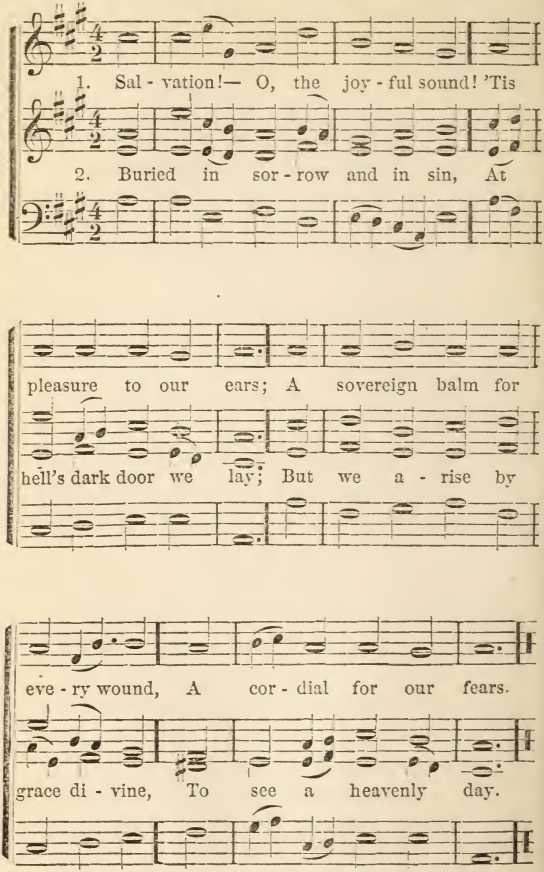
2 Let me see my Saviour's face,
Let me all his beauties trace;
Show those glorious truths to me,
Which are only known by thee.

3 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

4 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine,
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

5 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

81 *The Gospel hailed.*



3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

---

82 *Invitation of the Gospel.* C. M

1 Come, happy souls, approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

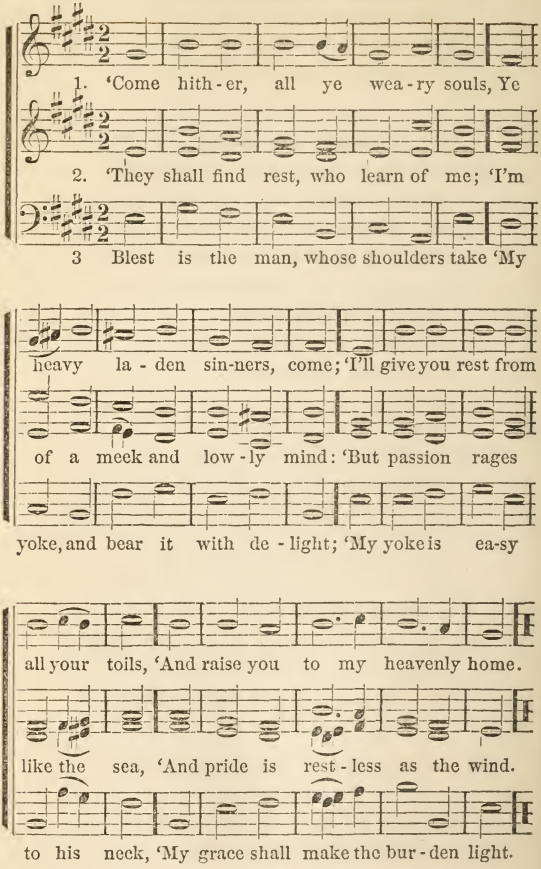
3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, come and heal your wounds,
Come, wipe your sorrows dry;
Come, trust the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

83 *Christ's Invitation to Sinners.*



4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

---

84 *"Return unto me."* L. M.

1 Return, O wanderer, return!
And seek thine injured Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return!
He hears thy deep repentant sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live:
Go to his feet; and grateful, learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return!
And wipe away the falling tear:
Thy Father calls—"No longer mourn!"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

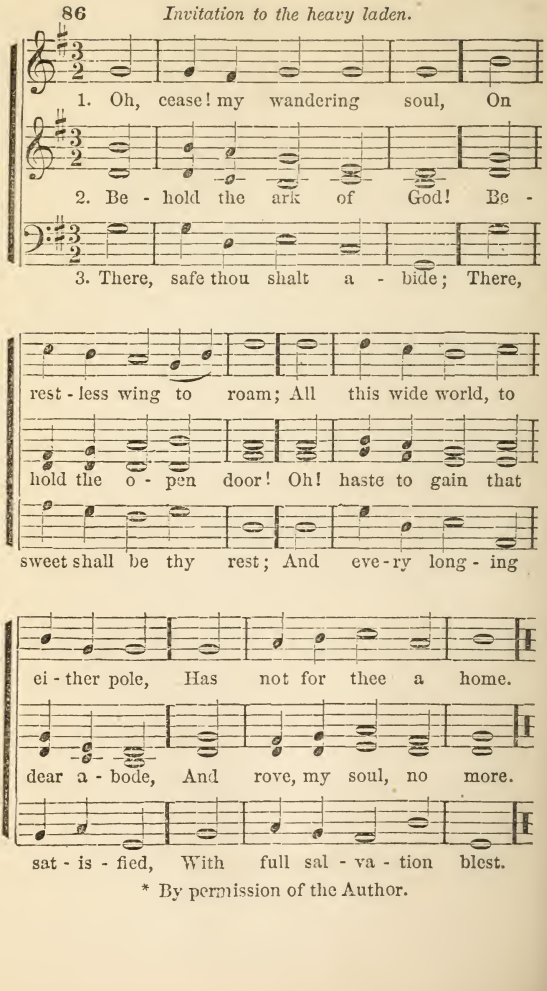
---

85 *Sinners invited to Living Waters.* L. M.

1 Ho! every one that thirsts—draw nigh;
'Tis God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters—come!
Sinners obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find his grace is free to all.

86 *Invitation to the heavy laden.*



* By permission of the Author.

87 *Now the accepted Time.* S. M.

1 Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

---

88 *Free Grace.* S. M.

1 The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, 'Sinner, come;'
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, 'Come!'

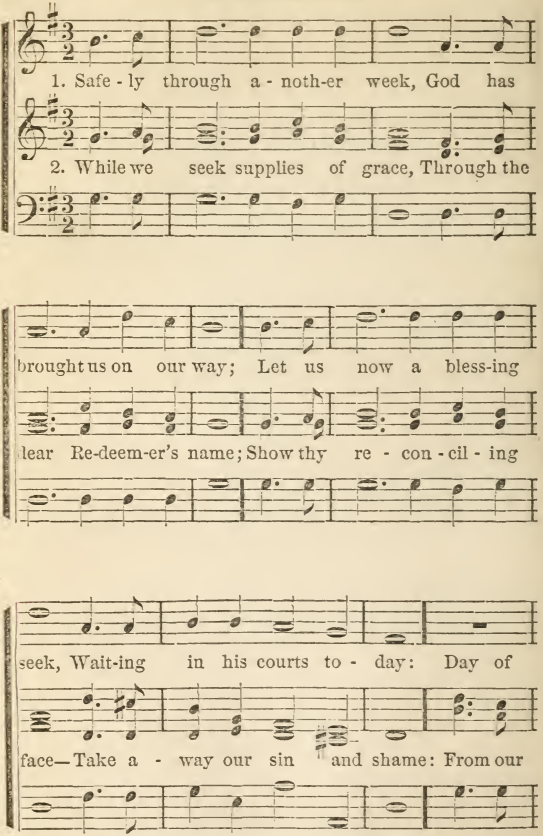
2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, 'Come!'
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

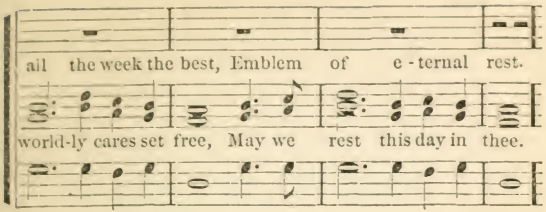
4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, 'I quickly come:'
Lord, even so! we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

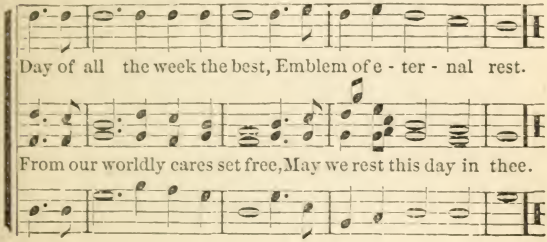
88 "Safely through another week." 7s.* L. MASON.

89 *A Blessing desired.*



* From Boston Academy's Coll., by permission.

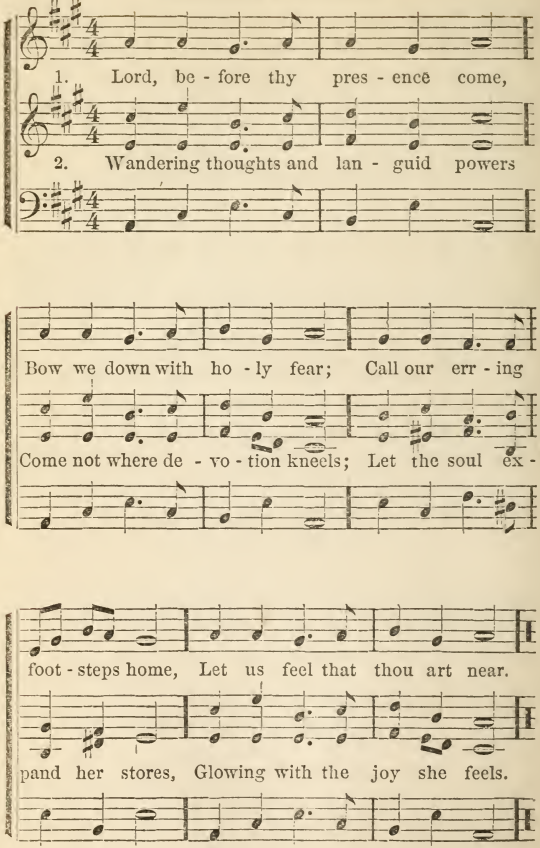




3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners—comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

90 *Engagedness in Devotion.*



3 At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares:
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

---

91 *Worship.* 7.s.

1 Lord, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

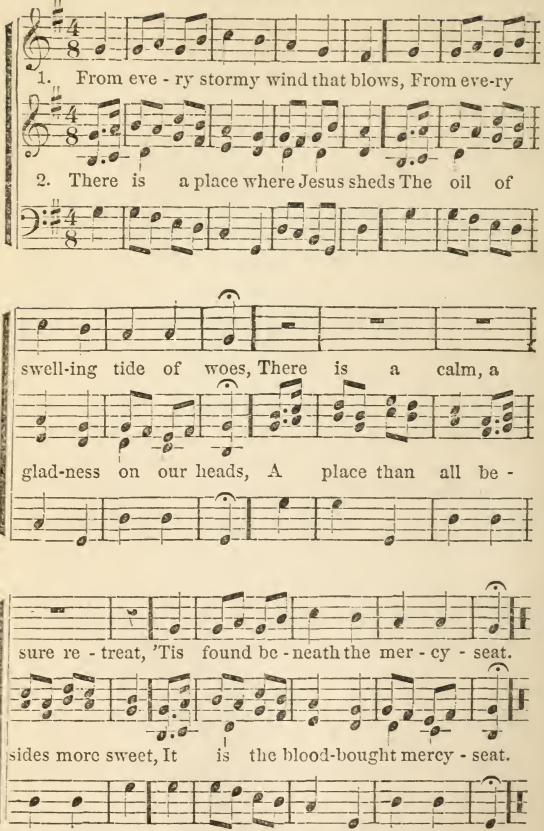
3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee—here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down—lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick—the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

92 *The Mercy-Seat.*



* From National Psalmist, by permission.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wing we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

---

93 *Place of Worship delightful.* L. M.

1 Great God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

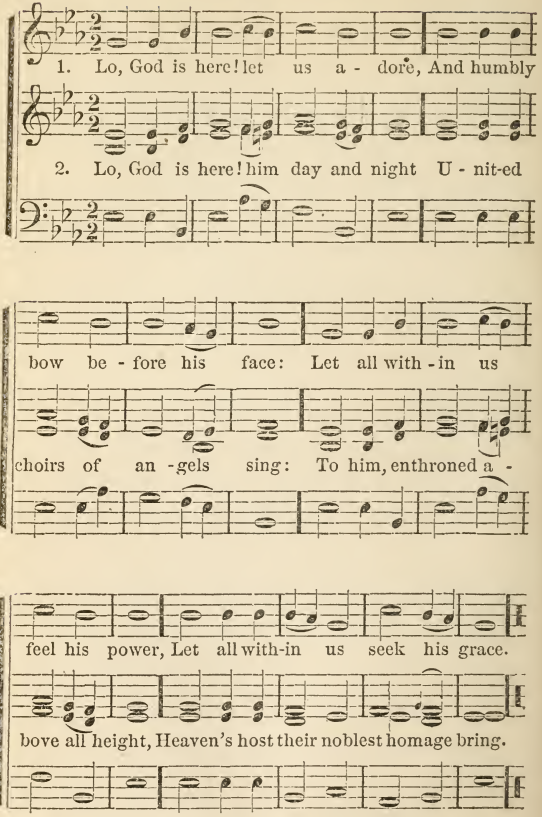
2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too;
He give us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore.

94 *The House of God.*



* From Carmina Sacra, by permission.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

---

95 *The Hour of Prayer.* L. M

1 Blest hour! when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour! when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rēst.

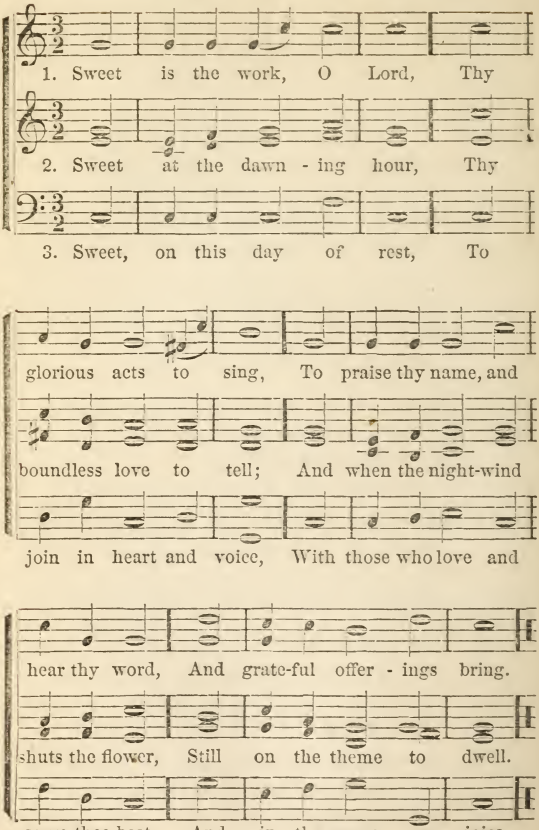
3 Blest hour! when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To list the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour! for then where he resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God—the gate of heaven.

5 Hail, peaceful hour! supremely blest,
Amid the hours of worldly care;
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour—the hour of prayer.

6 And when my hours of prayer aré past,
O, may I leave these Sabbath days,
To find eternity at last
A never ending hour of praise.

96 *The Day of Rest. Morning or Evening.*



* From Carmina Sacra, By permission.

4 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

---

97 *Love to Zion.* S. M.

1 I Love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

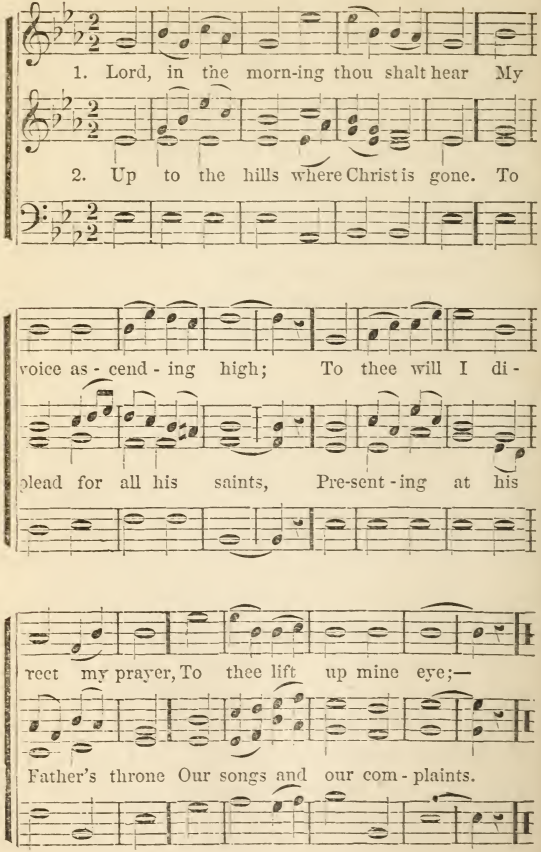
3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise

5 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

98 *Communion with God.*



3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand:
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

---

99 *Sabbath Morning.* C. M.

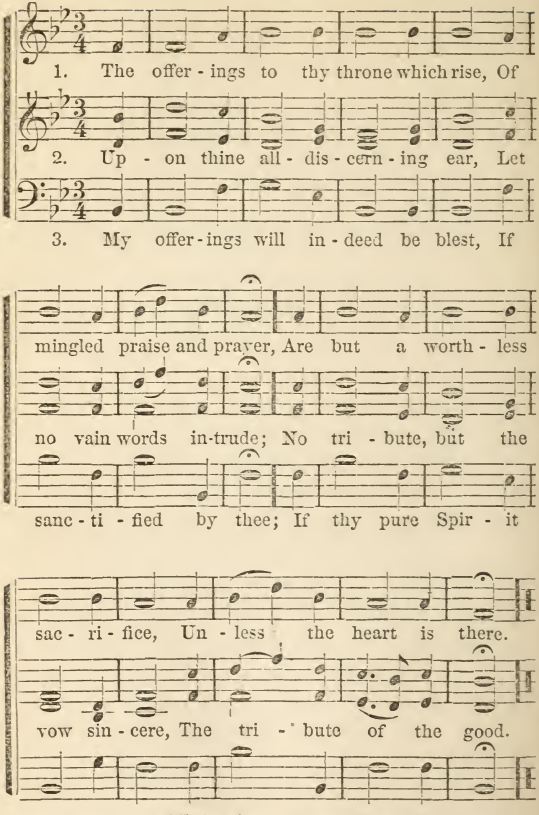
1 Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Dispels the darkness of the night,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapped
A sinful world in gloom!
O what a Sun that broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung:
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join,
To hail this welcome morn;
Which scatters blessings from its wing
To nations yet unborn.

100 *Pure Worship.*



4 O, may that Spirit warm my heart
To piety and love;
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above.

---

101 *Place of Worship delightful.* C. M.

1 O God of hosts! the mighty Lord!
How lovely is the place
Where we, with holy joy, behold
The brightness of thy face!

2 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
Which to thy dwelling lead.

3 For God, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give:
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

4 O Lord of hosts, my King, my God!
How highly blest are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display.

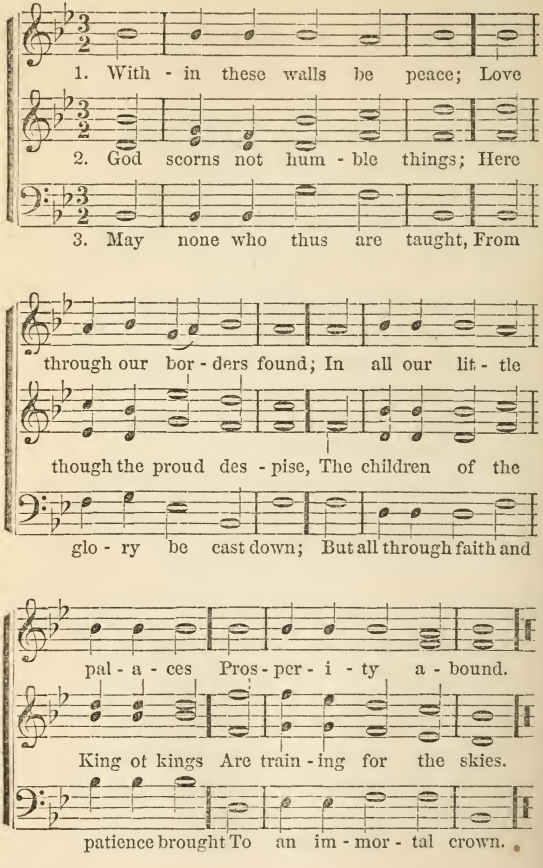
---

102 *"Rest of the Sabbath."* C. M.

1 Come, let us join with sweet accord
In hymns around the throne:
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made, and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven;
Type of that everlasting rest,
The saints enjoy in heaven.

103 *For Sabbath Schools.*



104 *The Sabbath welcomed.* S. M.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 Jesus himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amid the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

---

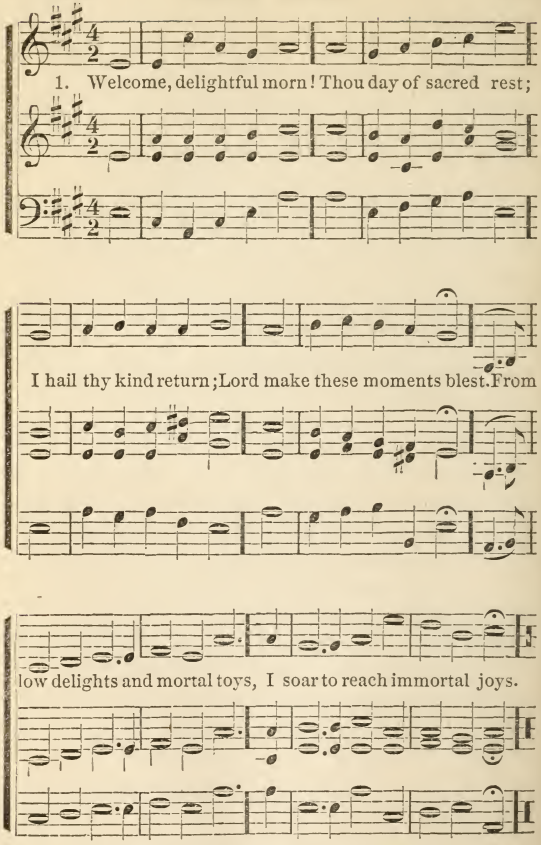
105 S. M.

1 We come with joyful song,
To hail this happy morn:
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,
"This day is Jesus born!"

2 What transports doth his name
To sinful men afford!
His glorious titles we proclaim—
A Saviour—Christ—the Lord!

3 Glory to God on high,
All hail the happy morn;
We join the anthems of the sky—
And sing—"The Saviour's born!"

106 *Sabbath Welcomed.*



* From Carmina Sacra, by permission.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor sabbaths be indulged in vain.

---

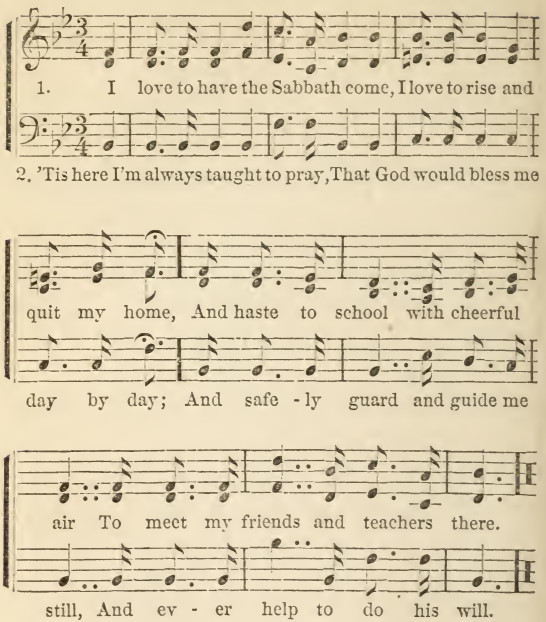
107 *For Sabbath Schools.* H. M.

1 Come, let our voices join
In joyful songs of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our thankful hearts we'll raise;
To God alone all praise belongs,
Our earliest and our latest songs.

2 Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught;
To God alone your offerings bring;
Let young and old his praises sing.

3 Lord, let this work of love
Be crowned with full success;
Let thousands yet unborn,
Thy sacred name here bless;
To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee
We'll raise throughout eternity.

108 *Sabbath Welcomed.*

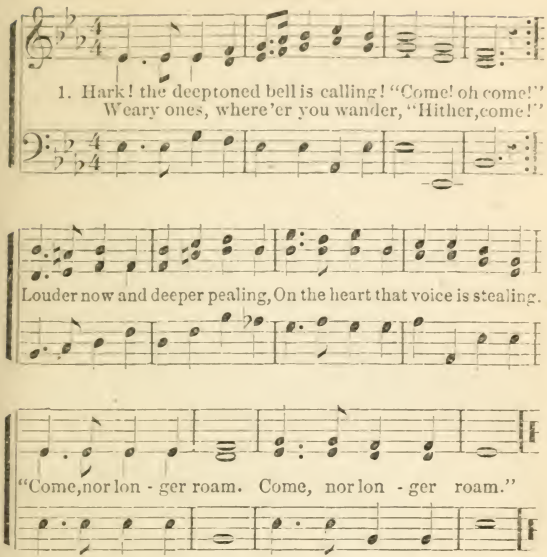


3 'Tis here I sing a Saviour's love
That brought him from his throne above;
'Tis here I seek my Father's face,
'Tis here I learn the Christian race.

4 This day be given to God alone,
He claims the Sabbath as his own;
Oh, may we all the time improve,
To grow in wisdom and in love.

* From Sabbath School Harp, by permission.

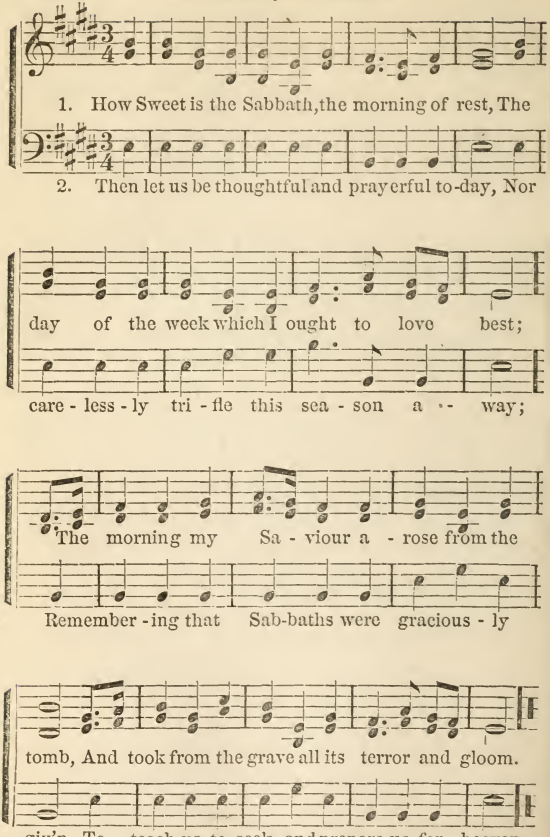
109 *Invitation to worship.*



2 Now again its tones are pealing,
"Come! Oh come!"
In the sacred temple kneeling,
"Seek thy home!"
Come, and round the altar bending,
Love the place where God, descending,
Calls the spirit home.

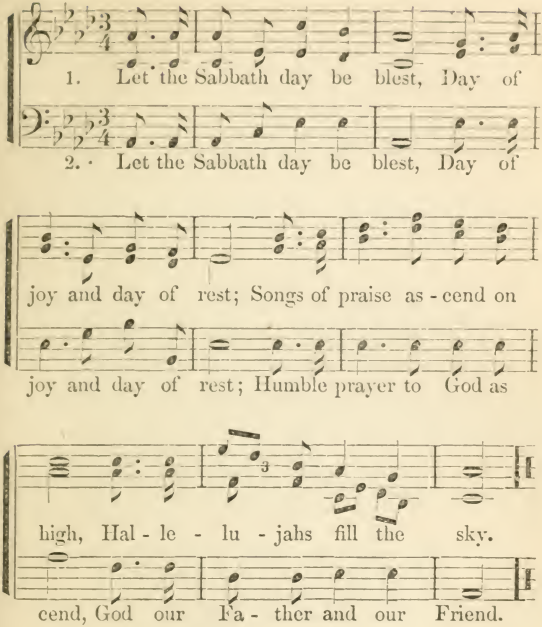
3 Still the echoed voice is ringing,
"Come! Oh come!"
Every heart pure incense bringing,
"Hither, come!"
Father, round thy footstool bending,
May our souls, to heaven ascending,
Find in thee their home.

110 *Preciousness of the Sabbath.*



* From Sabbath School Harp, by permission.

111 *Joys of the Sabbath.*

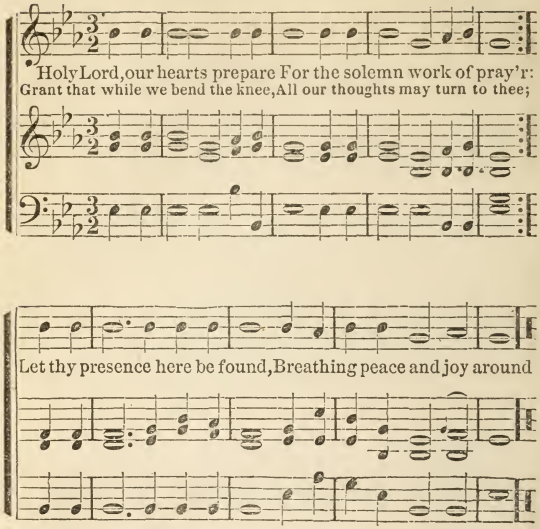


3 Let the Sabbath day be blest,
Day of joy and day of rest;
Gladly hear his holy word,
Gladly learn the way to God.

4 Let the Sabbath day be blest,
Day of joy and day of rest;
Precious day to mortals given,
Emblem of the rest of heaven,

 * From the Sabbath School Harp,

112 *God's presence desired.*

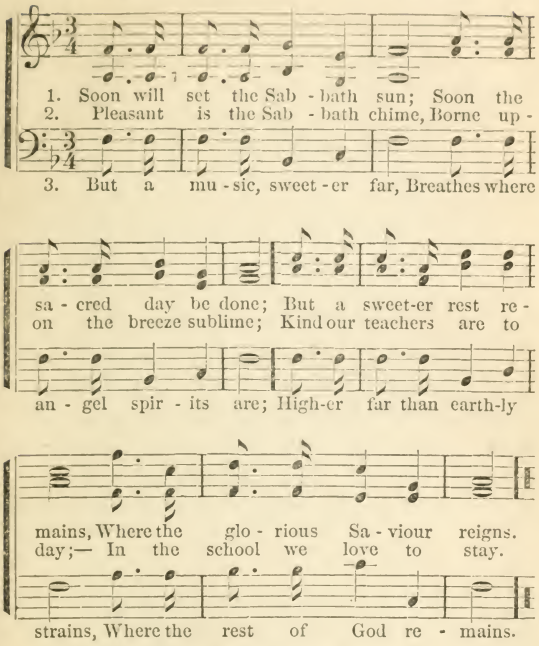


2 While we come around thy throne,
Make thy power and glory known;
As thy children may we call
On our Father, Lord of all;
And with holy love and fear,
At thy footstool now appear.

3 Teach us, while we breathe our woes,
On thy promise to repose;
All thy tender love to trace
In the Saviour's work of grace;
Let us all in faith depend
On a gracious God and friend.

* From Sabbath School Harp.

113 *Pleasures of the Sabbath here and hereafter.*

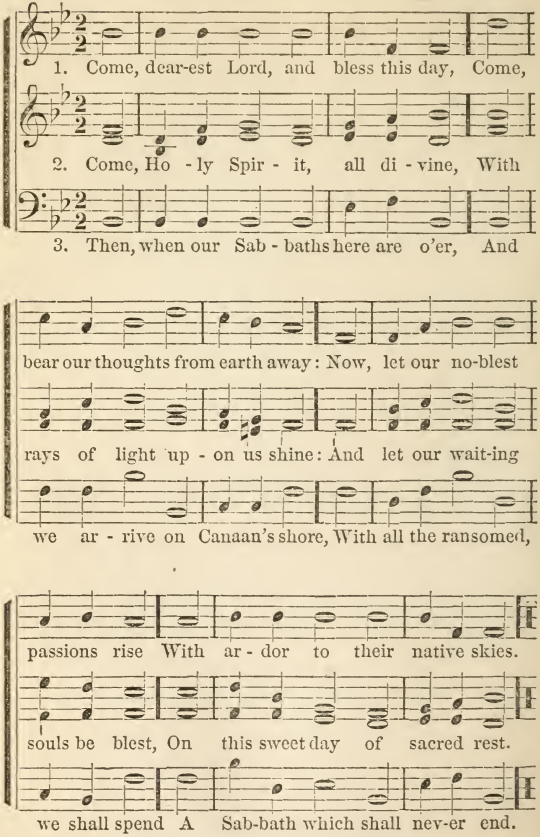


4 Shall we ever rise to dwell,
Where immortal praises swell?
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow?

5 Yes:—that rest our own may be;
All the good shall Jesus see;
For the good a rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

* From the Sabbath School Harp,

114 *Preparation for the duties of the Sabbath implored.*



* From Carmina Sacra, by permission.

115 *The Rest of the Sabbath.* L. M.

1 Another six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul—enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest.

2 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast!
The dearest pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares—the end of pains.

4 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In varied scenes, both old and new;
With praise, we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

5 In holy duties let the day—
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

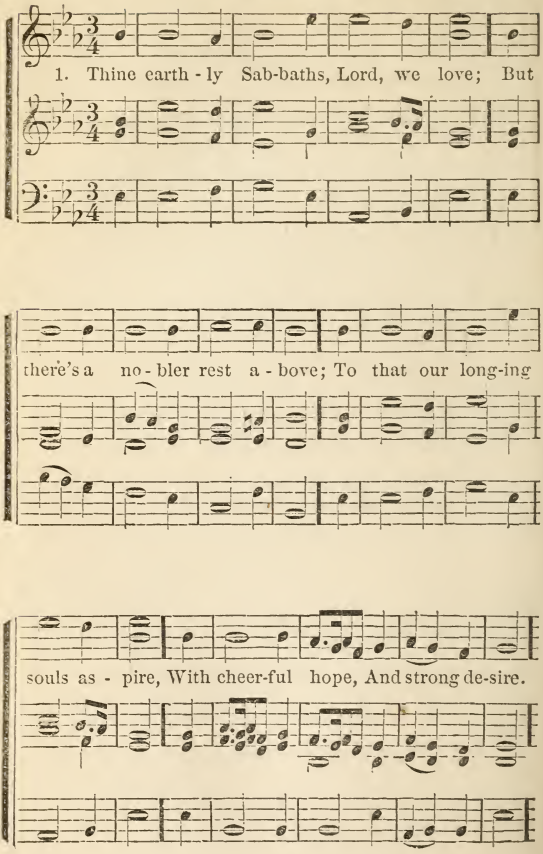
---

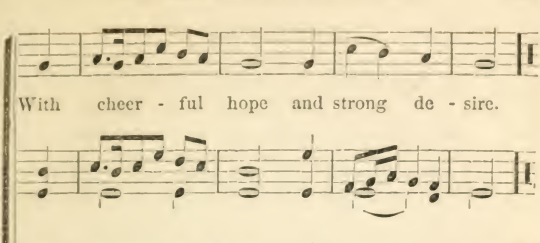
116 *Dismission hymn.* L. M.

1 The peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts!

2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here!

117 *The Eternal Sabbath.*



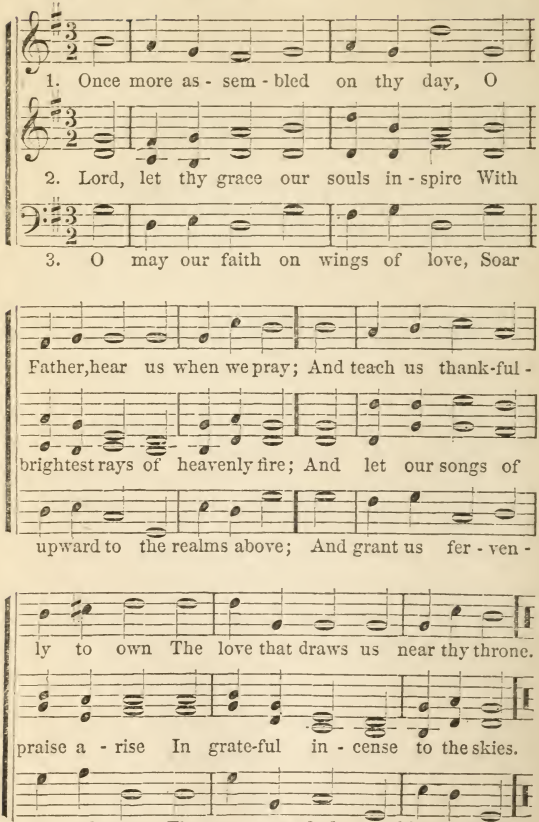


2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

2 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.

118 *Morning Prayer.*



* From Academy's Coll. by permission.

119 *Public Worship.* L. M.

1 For thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

2 O thou, who to my humble prayer
Didst always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Blest is the man, who, near thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives;
While we, at humble distance, taste
The vast delights thy worship gives.

---

120 *Prayer for the Blessing of Father, Son, and Spirit.*

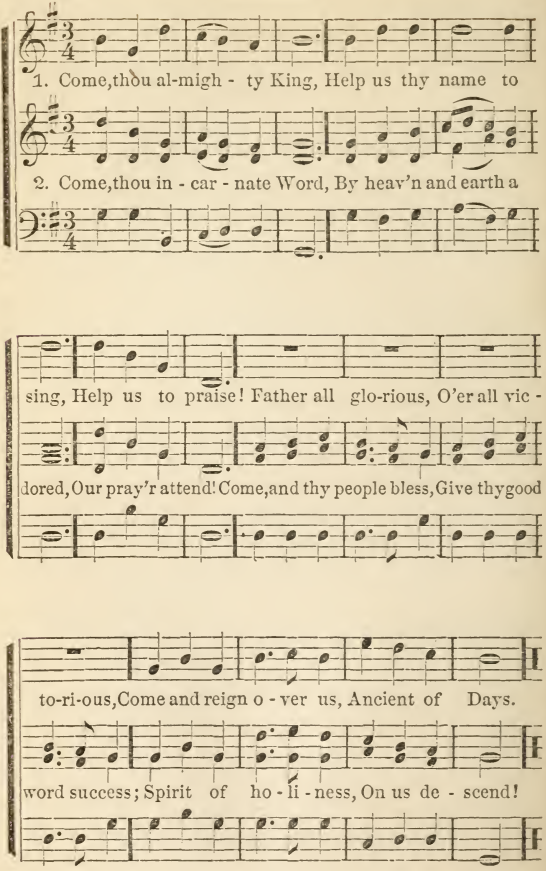
1 Command thy blessing from above,
O God! on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we thy true disciples be:
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest, "Follow me."

3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth! and fill this place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true eternal God confest;
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in thy communion blest.

121 *Invocation.*



3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour!
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To thee, great ONE in THREE,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

---

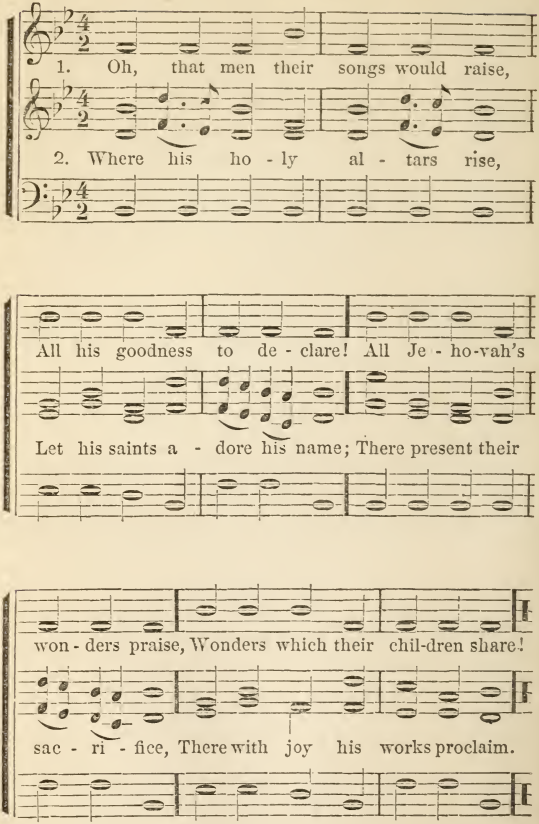
122 *Praise to Christ.* 6s & 4s.

1 Come, all ye saints of God!
Wide through the earth abroad,
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love has done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:
Praise ye our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!—
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

123 *Universal Praise.*



* From Modern Psalmist, by permission.

124 7s.

1 All ye nations, praise the Lord,
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, for ever praise.

2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

3 Praise him, ye who know his love;
Praise him, from the depths beneath;
Praise him, in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe!

---

125 *Humble Adoration and Praise.* 7s.

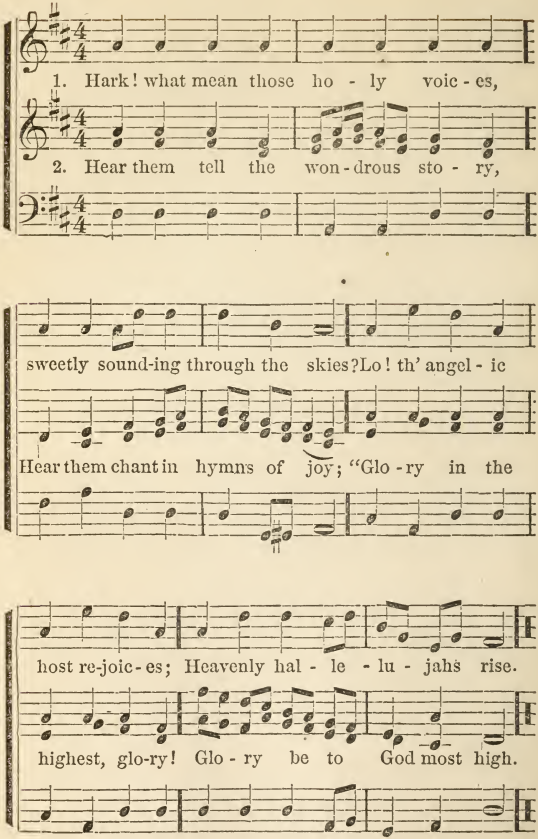
1 Heavenly Father—sovereign Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored!
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

4 Then, with angel-harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

126 *Praise to Christ.*



* From Carmina Sacra, by permission.

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found:
"Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven"—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Oh receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!

---

127 *Praise to Christ, the Author of Salvation.* 8s & 7s.

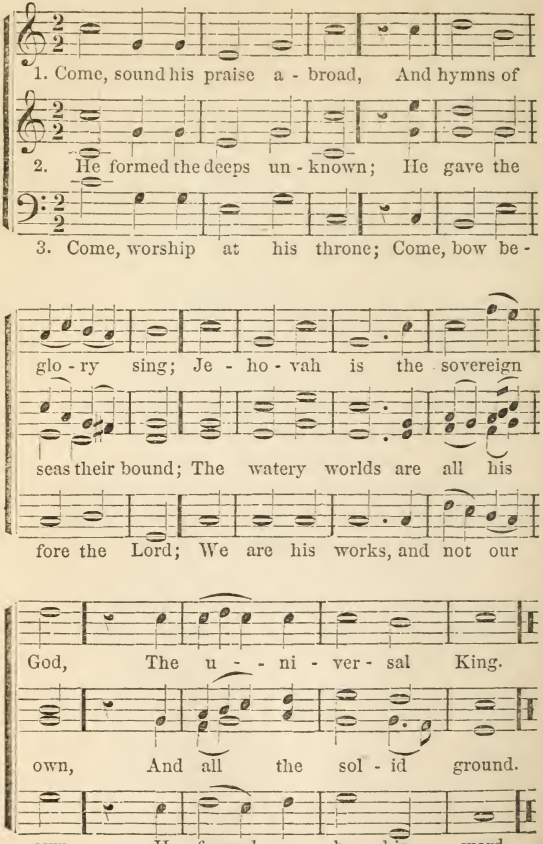
1 Crown his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim!

2 Lo! Jehovah, we adore thee!
Thee, our Saviour! thee, our God!
From thy throne, let beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.

3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own:
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.

4 Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

128 *Call to Worship.*



4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

---

129 *Salvation by Grace.* S. M

1 Grace!—'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all its steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

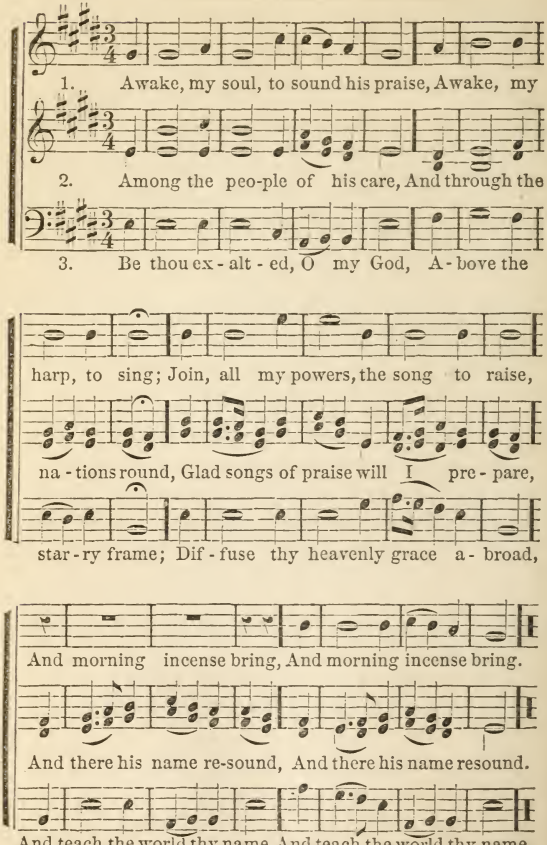
---

130 *Praise from all Nations.* S. M.

1 Thy name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

131 *Providential Goodness Celebrated.*



4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above
While sinners hear thy pardoning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

---

132 *Faithfulness of God.* C. M.

1 My never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truth his lips pronounce,
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 Lord God of hosts! thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above:
And saints on earth their honors raise
To thy unchanging love.

---

133 *General Praise to God.* C. M.

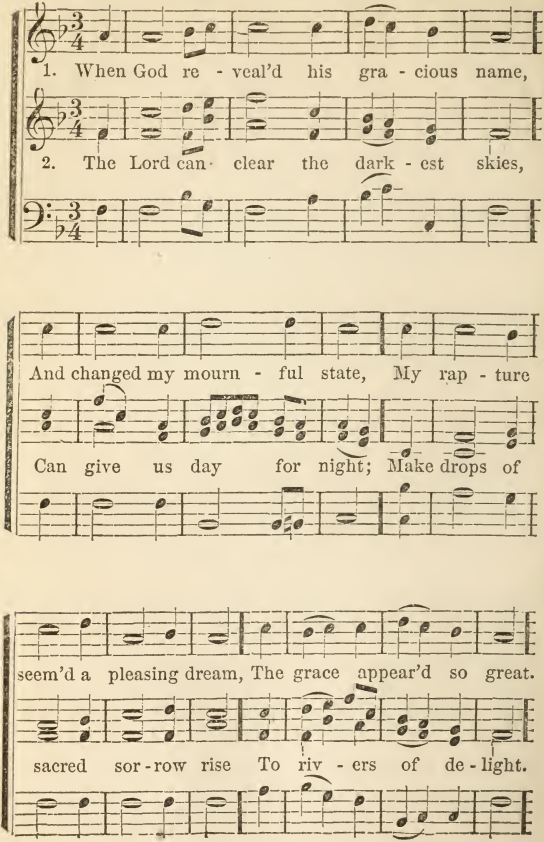
1 O God, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

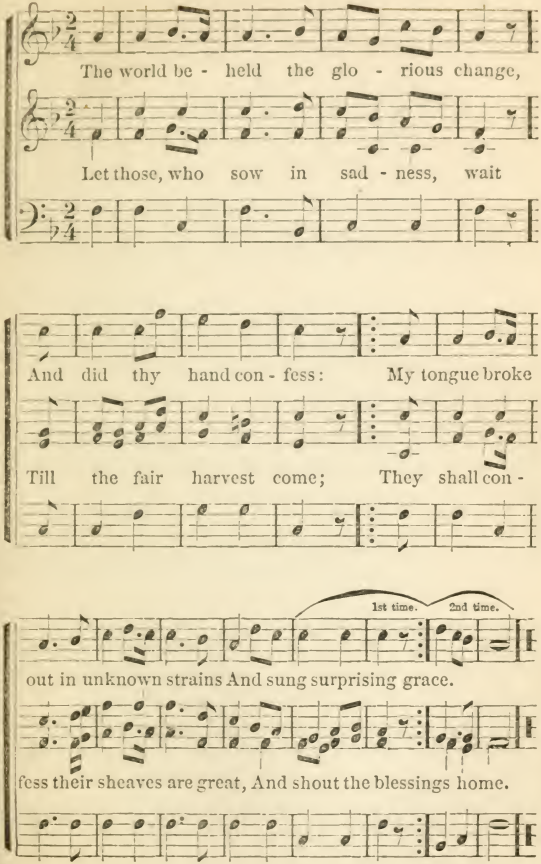
2 To all the listening tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to those nations sing thy praise,
That round about us dwell.

3 Thy mercy, in its boundless height,
The highest heaven transcends;
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

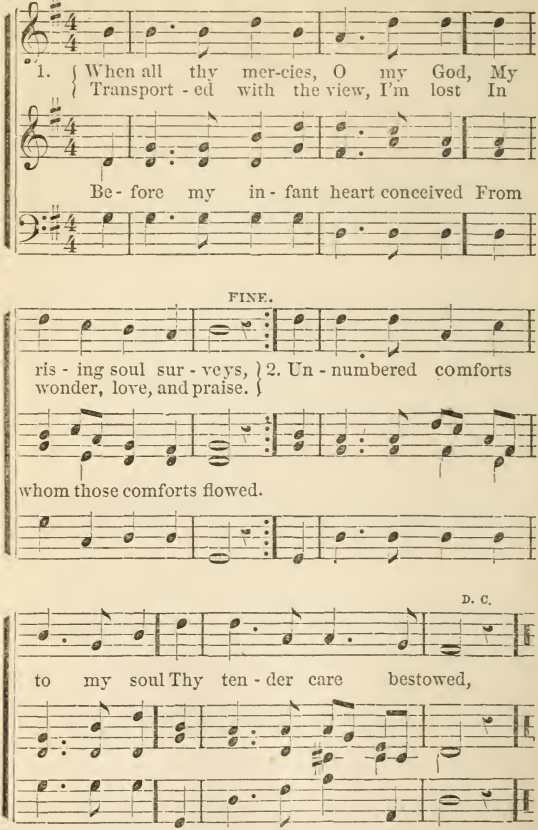
4 Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.

134 *A remarkable Display of Divine Grace.*




The world be - held the glo - rious change,
Let those, who sow in sad - ness, wait
And did thy hand con - fess: My tongue broke
Till the fair harvest come; They shall con -
1st time.
2nd time.
out in unknown strains And sung surprising grace.
fess their sheaves are great, And shout the blessings home.

135 *God's merciful and constant Protection.*



* From the National Psalmist, by permission.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

6 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

---

136 *Providence of God rehearsed to Children.* C. M.

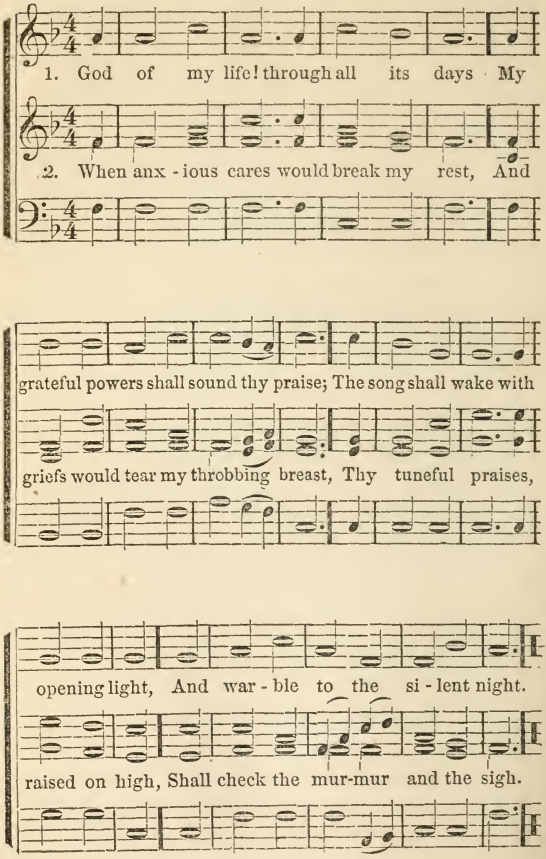
1 Let children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God perform'd of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through ev'ry rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations, yet unborn,
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practice his commands.

137 *Praising God through the whole of our Existence.*



3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all my powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

---

138 *Praise for signal Deliverance.* L. M.

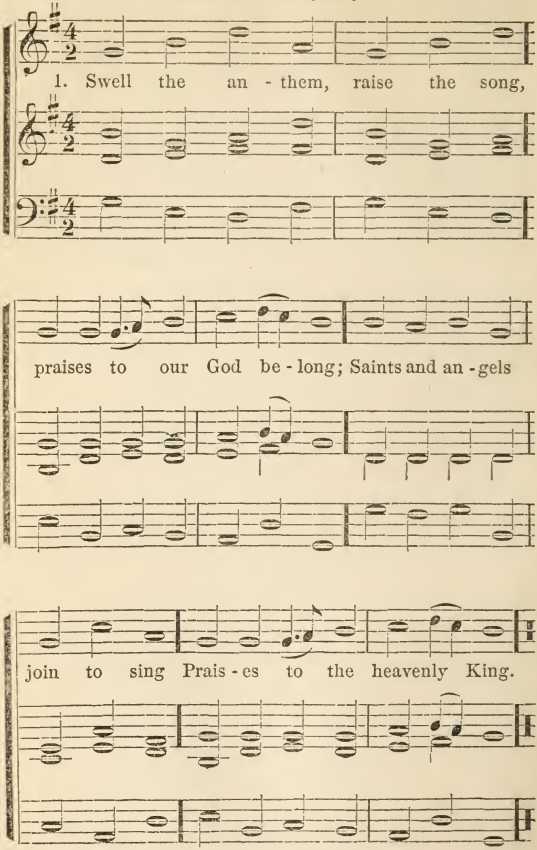
1 Lord, I will bless thee all my days;
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Let every heart exalt his name;
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my silent grief,
My secret groaning reached his ears·
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

4 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men who serve the Lord;
O, fear and love him, all his saints,
Accept his grace, and trust his word.

139 *National Thanksgiving.*



2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Guarded by his watchful eye,
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey,—
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

---

140 *Providence adored in all Changes.* 7s.

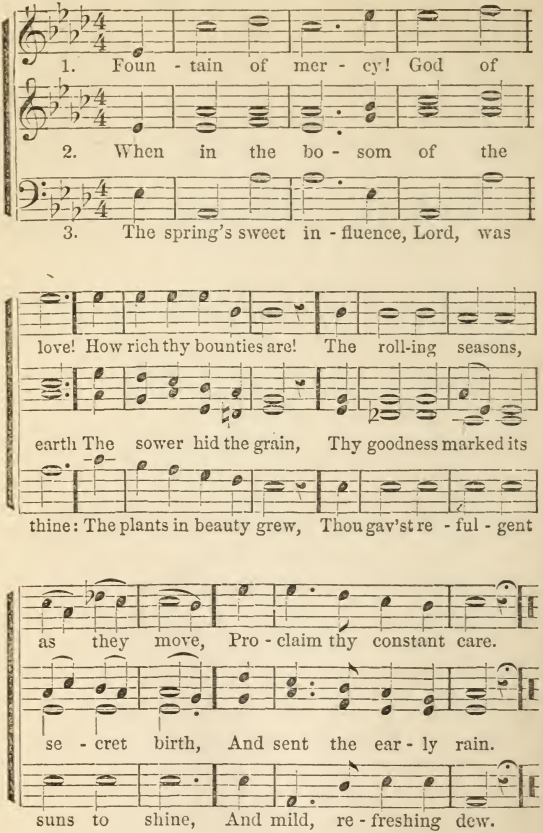
1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds, that drop their fattening dews,
Suns, that temperate warmth diffuse;

3 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;

4 These, to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow!
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

141 *Thanks for an abundant Harvest.*



* From Ancient Lyre, by permission.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway:
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

---

142 *Blessing of Providence and Grace.* C. M.

1 Almighty Father! gracious Lord!
Kind Guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record,
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thine indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the youthful prayer.

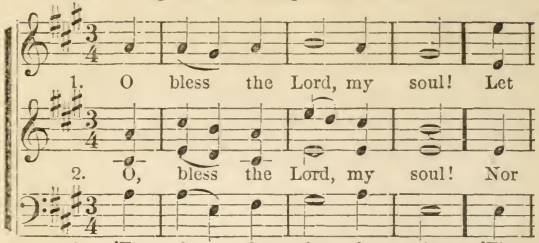
3 Each rolling year new favors brought,
From thine exhaustless store;
But O, in vain my laboring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

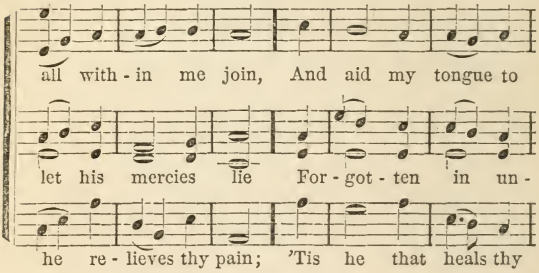
4 While sweet reflection through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,--
The blessings of thy grace.

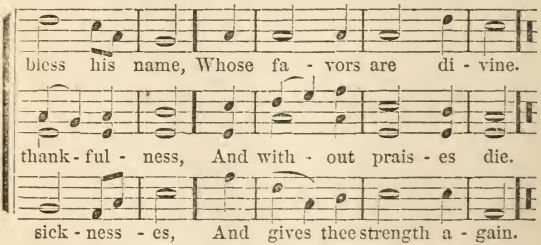
5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favors more divine,—
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

143 *Spiritual and temporal Mercies.*







4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 O, bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

---

144 *God our constant Benefactor.* S. M.

1 My Maker and my King!
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind,
My heart to grateful love.

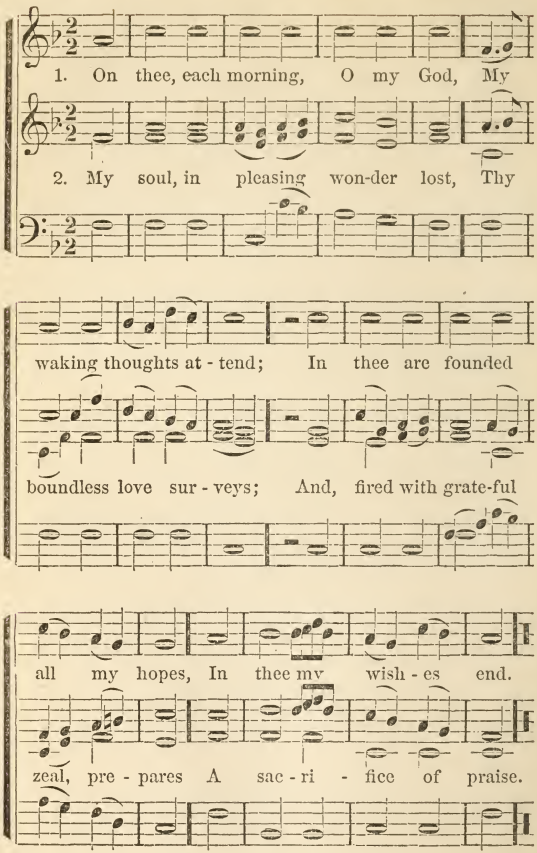
3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God! thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.

4 O, what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart,—
A gift, alas, how poor!

5 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

6 O, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine; —
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

145 *Morning Hymn.*



3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With thy protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My wearied limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in thy hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

---

146 *Goodness of God. Morning.* C. M.

1 Delightful is the work, to sing,
On each returning day,
The praises of our heavenly King,
And grateful homage pay.

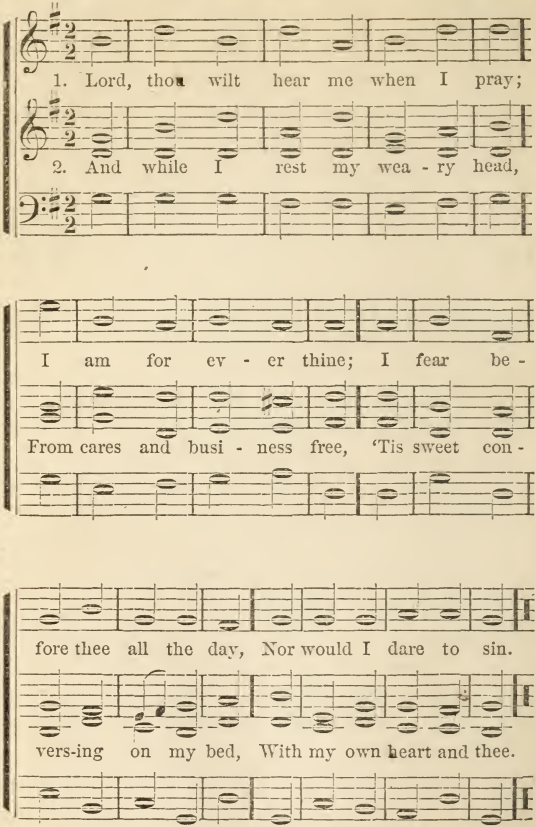
2 The countless worlds, which, bathed in light,
Through fields of azure move,
Proclaim his wisdom and his might,
But O, how great his love!

3 He deigns each broken, contrite heart
With tender care to bind;
And comfort, hope, and grace impart,
To heal the wounded mind.

4 All creatures, with instinctive cry,
From God implore their food;
His bounty grants a rich supply,
And fills the earth with good.

5 Delightful is the work, O Lord,
With each returning day
Thy countless mercies to record,
And grateful homage pay.

147 *An Evening Psalm.*



* From Root and Sweetser's Collection, by permission.

3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice:
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

---

148 *An Evening Song.* C. M.

1 Dread Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise:
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But oh, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

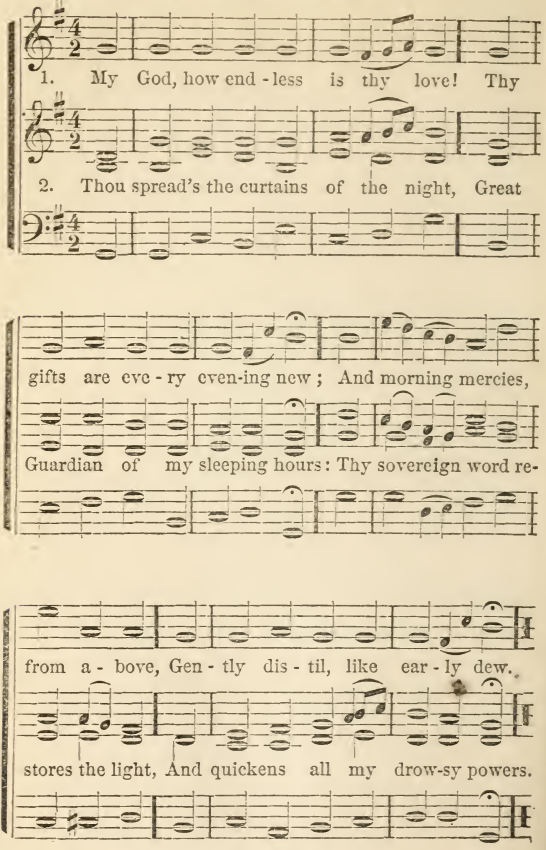
3 What have I done for him who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as the minutes roll!

4 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

5 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

TH. TALLIS, 1650.

149 *Morning or Evening Songs.*



3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

---

150 *Evening Hymn.* L. M.

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light,
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

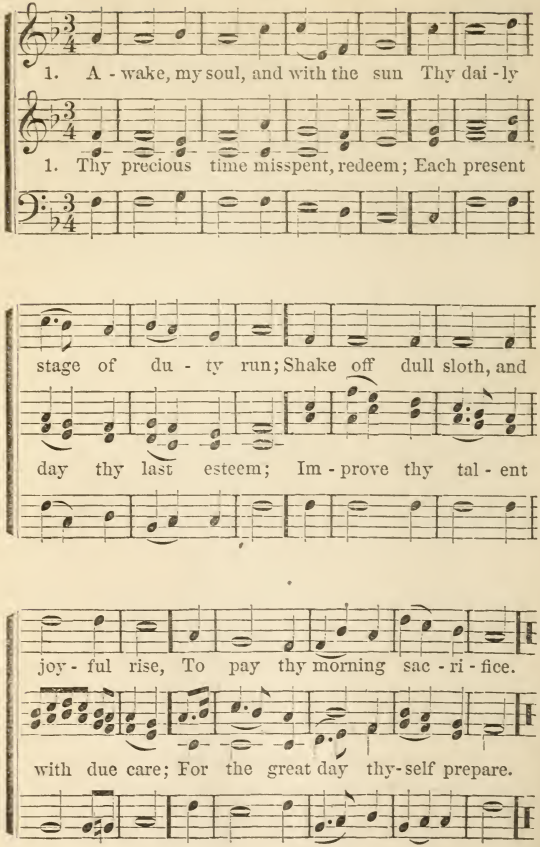
3 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the latter day.

5 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below:
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

151 *Morning.*


1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly
1. Thy precious time misspent, redeem; Each present
stage of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and
day thy last esteem; Im - prove thy tal - ent
joy - ful rise, To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice.
with due care; For the great day thy-self prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear;
Think how th' all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins like morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

---

152 L. M.

1 In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

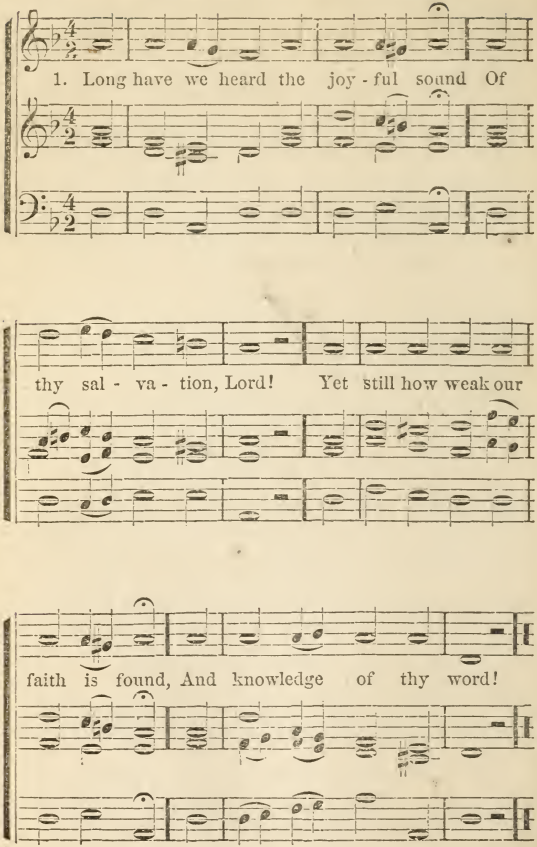
2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

3 O, guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread,
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
Where dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

153 *Coldness and Inconstancy lamented.*



2 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

3 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success!
Write thy salvation in each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

4 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

---

154 *Pardon implored.* C. M.

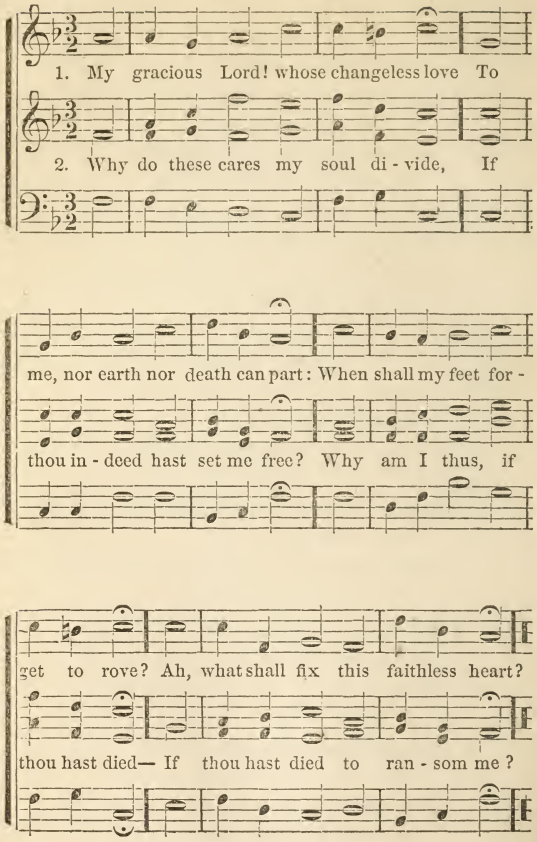
1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 I plead thy sorrows, dearest Lord;
Do thou my sins forgive:
Then justice will approve the word,
That bids the sinner live.

155 *Amidst Temptation.*



3 O God, thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gifts thyself hast given;
My portion thou, my treasure art,
My life, and happiness, and heaven.

4 Would aught with thee my wishes share,
Though dear as life the idol be,
That idol from my breast I'll tear,
Resolved to seek my all from thee.

---

156 *"Take not thy Holy Spirit,"* L. M

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

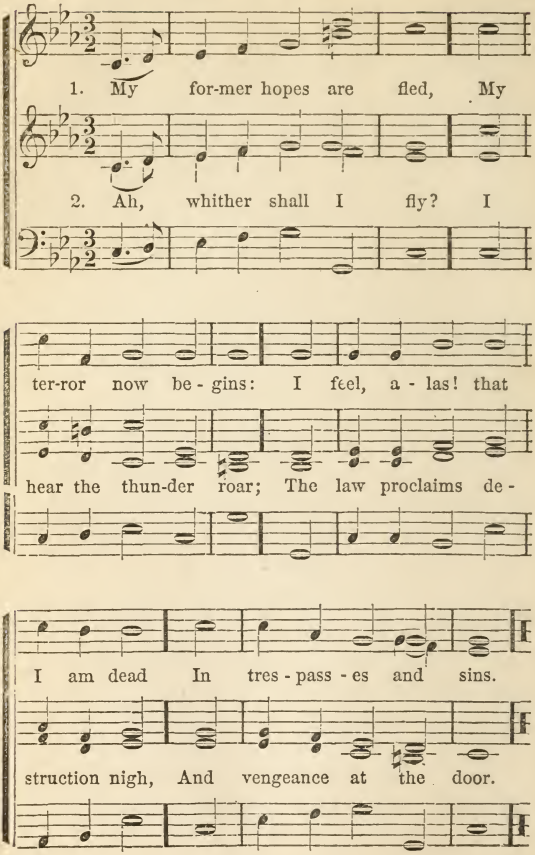
2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all, whoe'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved.—

3 Yet oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with the calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand!
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

157 *Conviction by the law.*



3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But sure a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see—or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day, that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

---

158 *Forgiveness of Sin upon Confession.* S. M.

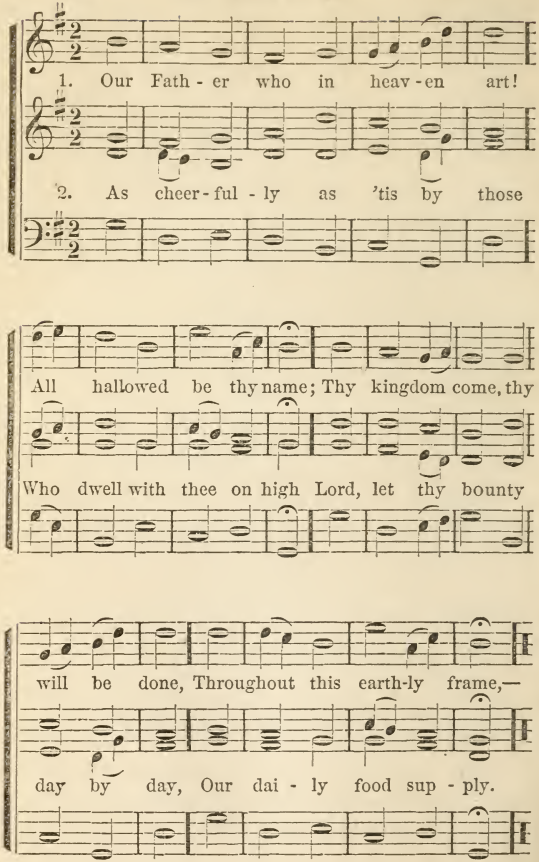
1 O blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more?

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

159 *The Lord's Prayer.*



3 As we forgive our enemies,
Thy pardon, Lord, we crave;
Into temptation lead us not,
But from all evil save.

4 For kingdom, power, and glory, all
Belong, O Lord, to thee;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

---

160 *Retirement.* C. M.

1 Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

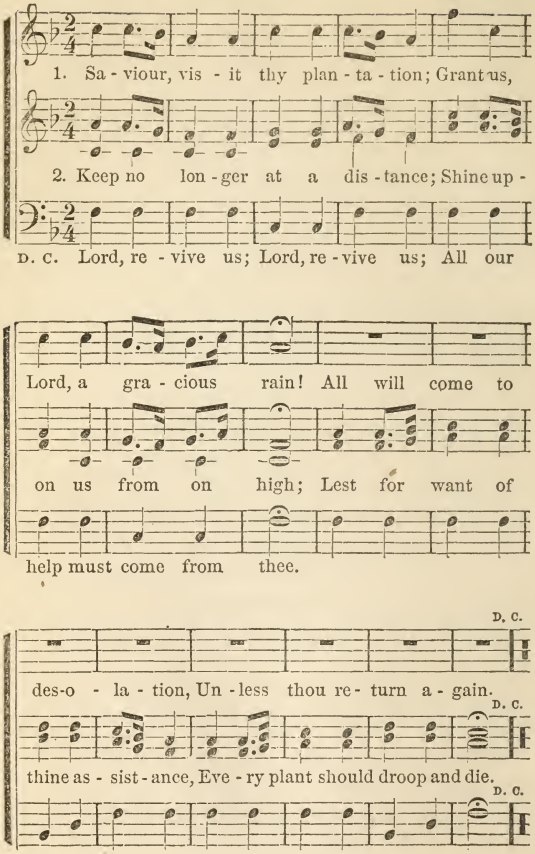
2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree:
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if the Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My SAVIOUR—thou art mine!

5 What thanks I owe thee! and what love!
A boundless, endless store!
Thy praise shall sound through realms above,
When time shall be no more.

161 *Prayer for a Revival.*



3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

---

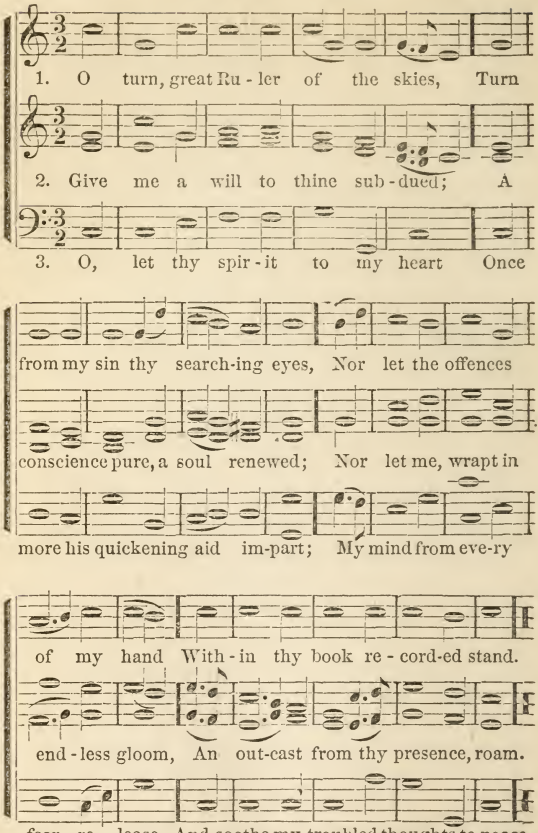
162 *God the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.* 8s, 7s & 4.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak—but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

163 *Converting grace desired.*



164 *Divine Guidance.* L. M.

1 Saviour of them that trust in thee,
Once more, with supplicating cries,
We lift the heart, and bend the knee,
And bid devotion's incense rise.

2 For mercies past we praise thee, Lord,
The fruits of earth, the hopes of heaven:
Thy helping arm, thy guiding word,
And answered prayers, and sins forgiven.

3 When'er we walk on danger's height,
Or tread temptation's slippery way,
Be nigh, to lead our steps aright,
That word our guide, that arm our stay.

4 Be ours thy fear and favor still,
United hearts, unchanging love;
No scheme, that contradicts thy will,
No wish, that centres not above.

5 And since we must be parted here,
Support us when the hour shall come;
Wipe gently off the mourner's tear,
Rejoin us in our heavenly home.

---

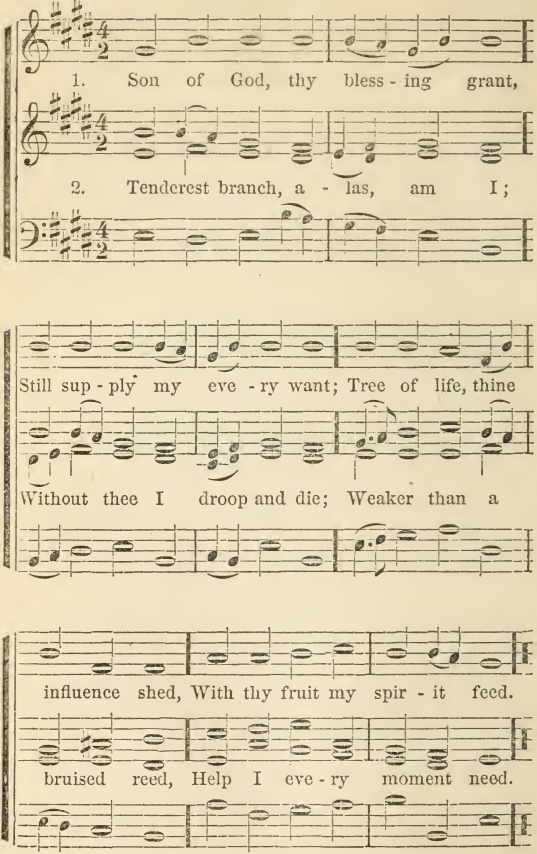
165 *The Lord's Prayer.* L. M.

1 Father, adored in worlds above!
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come in truth and love;
And earth like heaven obey thy will.

2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake:
In thy compassion let us share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

3 Evils beset us every hour;
Thy kind protection we implore,
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
The glory thine for evermore.

166 *For Strength.*



3 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me, to the end!
Give me thy supporting grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

---

167 *Safety in God.* 7s.

1 Gracious Lord, disclose thy way,
In thy path my feet sustain:
While my foes my steps survey,
Make the path of duty plain:—

2 Nor my fainting spirit yield
To the foes which round me rise;
From the great accuser shield,
Cruel power, or slanderous lies.

3 Had not faith revived my breast,
Oft my soul had sunk in wo;
Now, through life, assured I rest,
All thy goodness, Lord, to know.

4 Wait, then, Israel, on the Lord;
Still with courage cheer thy heart.
Wait, for faithful is his word,
He will grace and strength impart.

5 Thou hast placed my foot aright,
Therefore I my voice will raise,
With thy saints, before thy sight,
In unceasing hymns of praise.

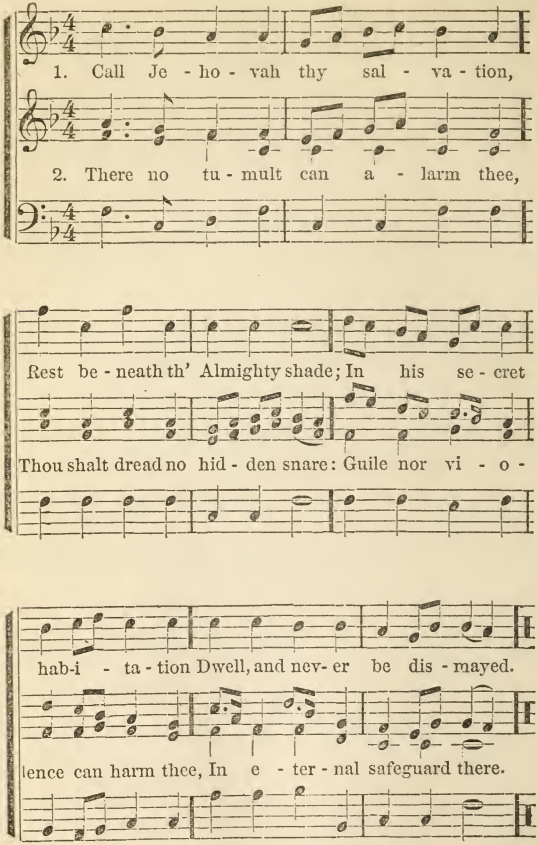
---

168 *Prayer for a Blessing of the Word.* 7s.

1 Lord, thy truth may we receive,
And, through grace, thy way pursue:
Teach us day by day to live,
With eternal things in view.

2 Bless thy word to old and young,
Fill our hearts with peace and love;
Then, when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy courts above.

169 *The Divine Protection.*



3 From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence:

4 Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

5 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above

6 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

---

170 *God our Almighty Help.* 8s & 7s.

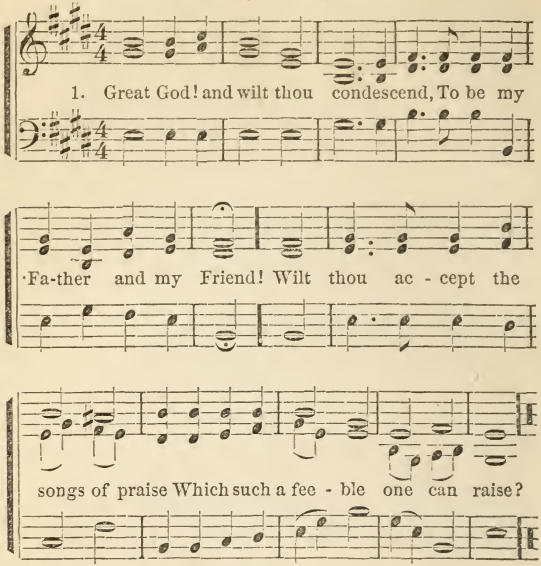
1 Vainly through night's weary hours,
Keep we watch lest foes alarm;
Vain our bulwarks and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.

2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without his grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given,
Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we then the Lord's Anointed,
He shall grant us peace and rest;
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who to Christ his prayer addressed.

171 *Prayer for Guidance.*



2 Art thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

3 Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And ever strive to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

4 Art thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To join the heavenly choir above.

* From Sabbath School Harp, by permission.

172 L. M.

1 Father, we come with filial fear
To seek a blessing from thy throne;
Our supplications kindly hear,
Our humble songs be pleased to own.

2 While here, direct our thoughts aright,
Let heavenly truth our minds impress:
When in thy temple we unite,
The hour of worship deign to bless.

3 Through all this day of sacred rest,
Thy holy presence we implore;
Let no vain care our peace molest—
Our feet from sinful ways restore.

4 Forgive our sins—our follies hide—
Subdue our hearts thy name to love;
On earth our wandering footsteps guide,
And bring us to thy courts above.

---

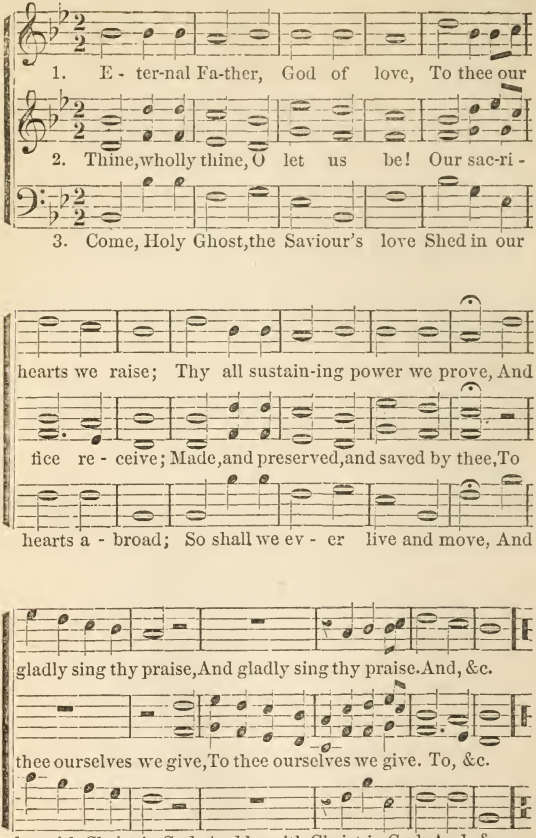
173 L. M.

1 O Lord, my Saviour and my King,
Of all I have or hope, the spring;
Send down thy Spirit from above,
To warm my heart with holy love.

2 May I from every act abstain,
That hurts, or gives another pain:
Still may I feel my heart inclined
To be the friend of all mankind.

3 Let love through all my conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine:
Father of men, great Lord of love,
Let me thy humble follower prove.

174 *Dedication to God.*



175 *Refuge in God.* C. M.

1 Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

---

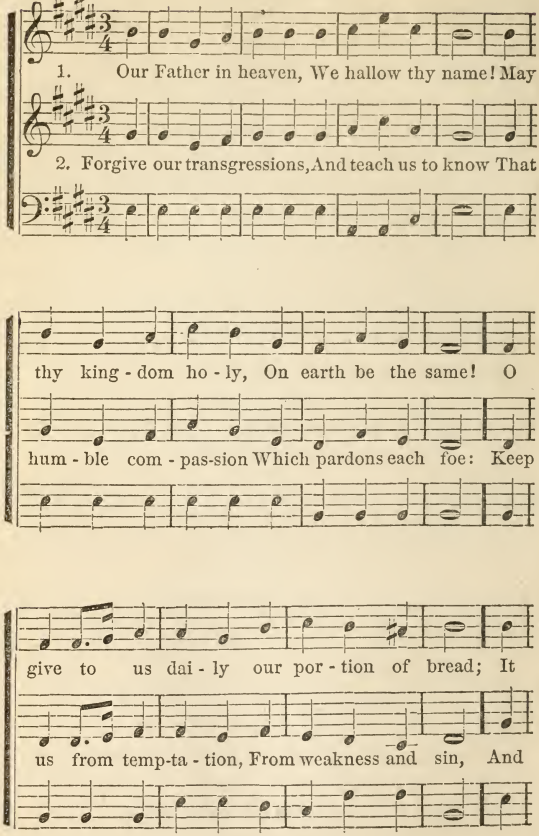
176 *Communion with God.* C. M.

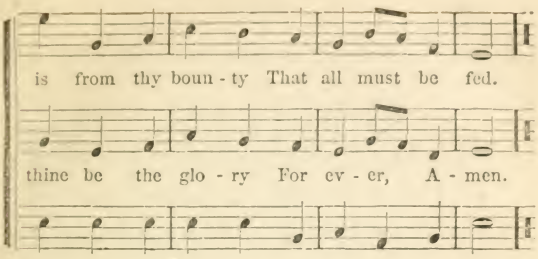
1 Shine on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of mercy shine:
Oh let thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

2 With thee let every week begin;
With thee each day be spent;
To thee each fleeting hour be given,
Since each by thee is lent.

3 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labors cease;—
Till heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

177 *The Lord's Prayer.*





178 *God our Shepherd.* 6s & 5s.

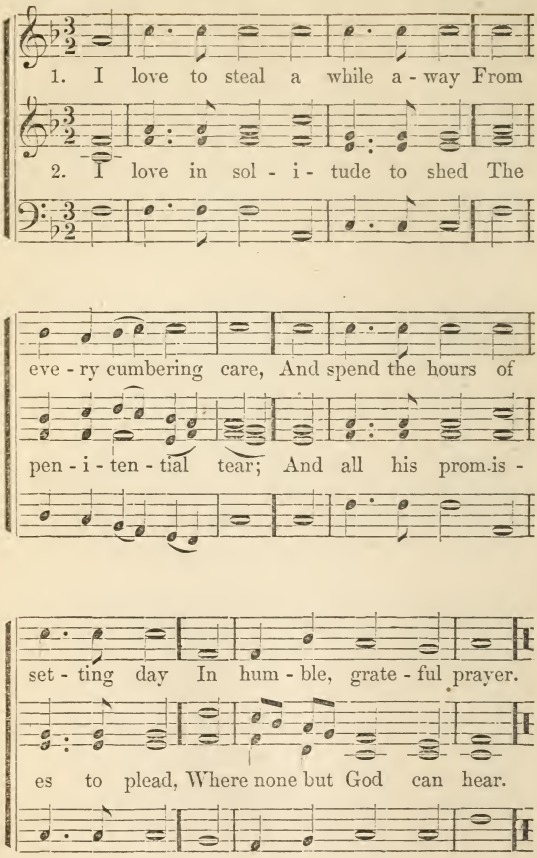
1 The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
O, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

179 *Solitude.*



3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

---

180 *For a holy Heart.* C. M.

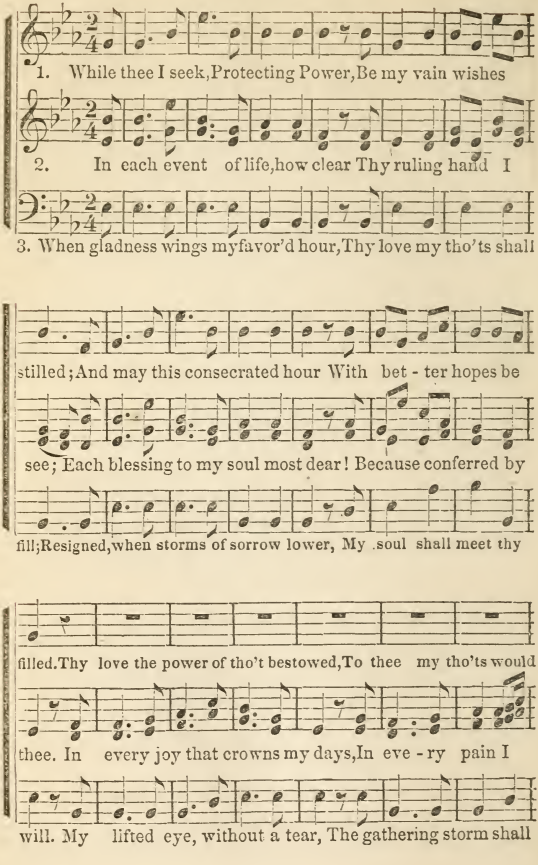
1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels how good,
How kind thou art to me!

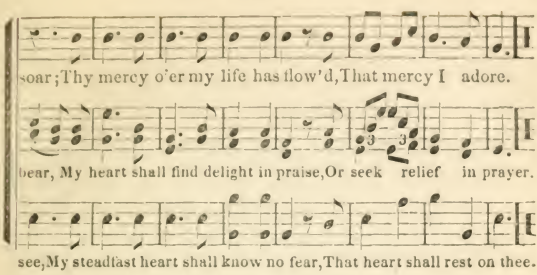
2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

181 *Confidence in God.*





182 *Sins and sorrows laid before God.* C. M.

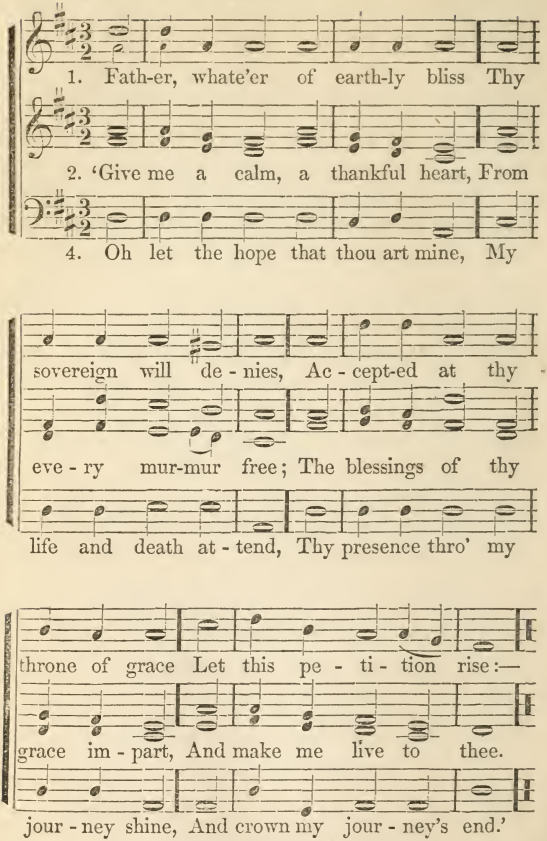
1 Oh, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God!
Then should my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

183 *Contentment.*



* From Modern Harp, by permission.

184 *Longing for a closer Walk with God.* C. M.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed?
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,—
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

---

185 *Relying on God in Time of Trial.* C. M.

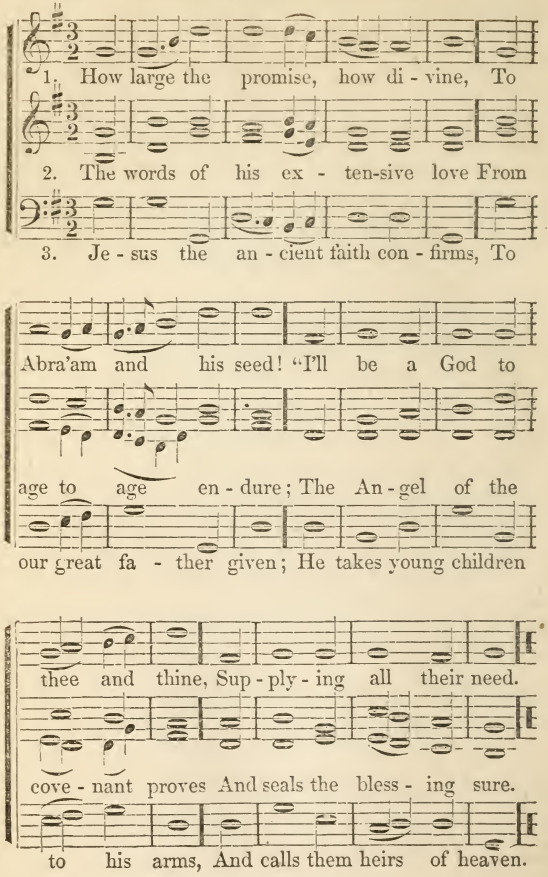
1 Father of lights! thy needful aid
To us that ask, impart!
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treacherous heart.

2 In spite of our resolves, we fear
Our own infirmity;
And tremble at the trial near,
And cry, O God, to thee!

3 Our only help in danger's hour,
Our only strength thou art!
Above the world, and all its power,
And greater than our heart.

4 If on thy promised grace alone
We faithfully depend,
Thou surely wilt preserve thy own,
And keep them to the end.

186 *Abraham's Blessing on the Gentiles.*



4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

---

187 *God's covenant Mercy.* C. M.

1 Give thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

2 The covenant which he kept in mind
Through ages that have gone,
Ages to come shall ever find
As lasting as his throne.

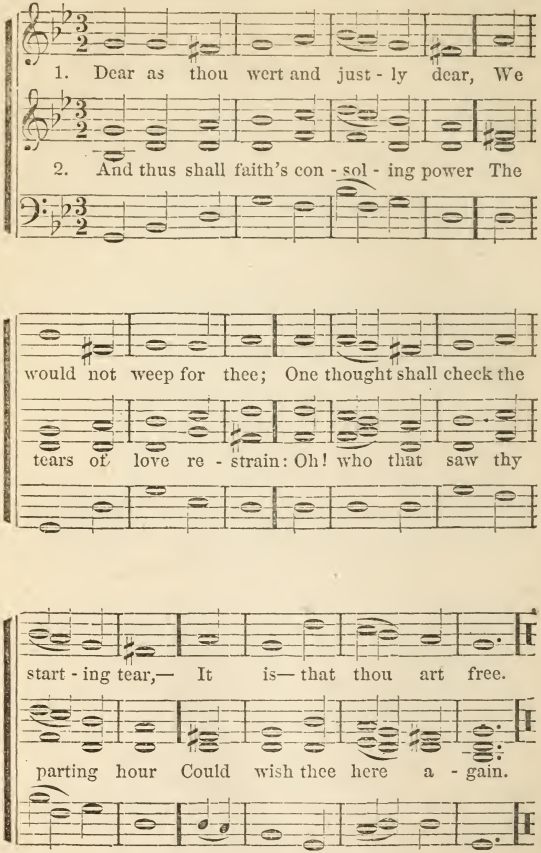
3 He swore to Abra'am and his seed,
And made the blessing sure;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

4 Like pilgrims through the desert ground,
The tribes securely moved;
And haughty kings, that on them frowned,
Severely he reproved.

5 He gave them Canaan for their rest,
The type of heavenly joys;
Through them, the nations shall be blest,
And in thy name rejoice.

6 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The saints renounce their fear;
The church shall live from age to age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

188 *Happy Death of a Christian.*



3 Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine:
Oh may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine.

---

189 *Death of a Young Person.* C. M.

1 When blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh, may this truth impress'd
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.

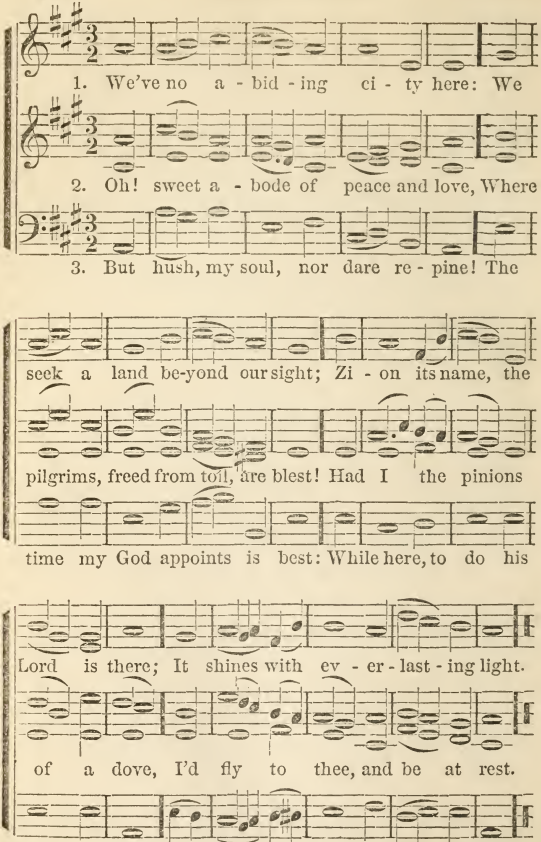
3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour!
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 Oh let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

190 *Heaven our home.*



191 *Heavenly joys on earth.* L. M

1 Arise, my soul! on wings sublime,
Above the vanities of time;
Remove the parting vail, and see
The glories of eternity!

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should I grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,
While I am walking back to God?
Or can I love this earth so well,
As not to long with God to dwell?

4 To dwell with God!—to taste his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above:
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

---

192 *The Christian's Hope.* L. M

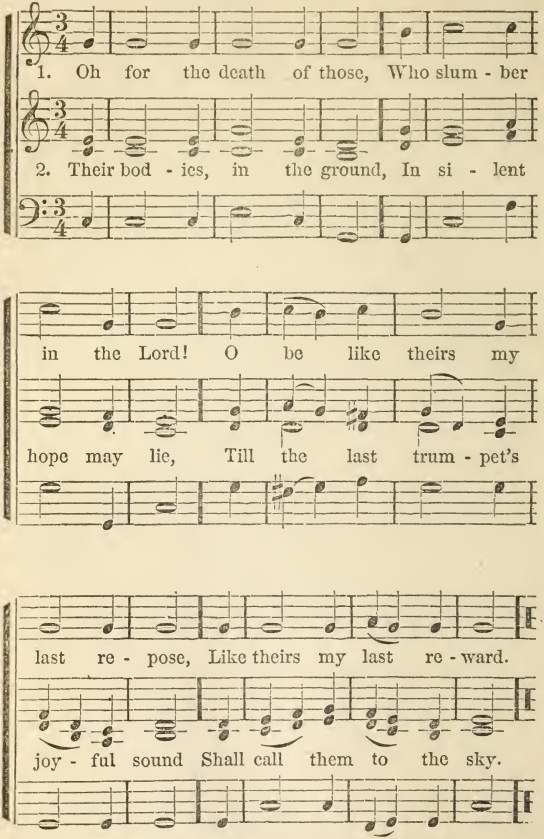
1 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show:
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 Oh, glorious hour! Oh bless'd abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
[16] And in my Saviour's image rise.

193 *Blessed death of the righteous.*



* From Ancient Lyre, by permission.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

5 Oh for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

---

194 *The Issues of Life and Death.*

1 O where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:

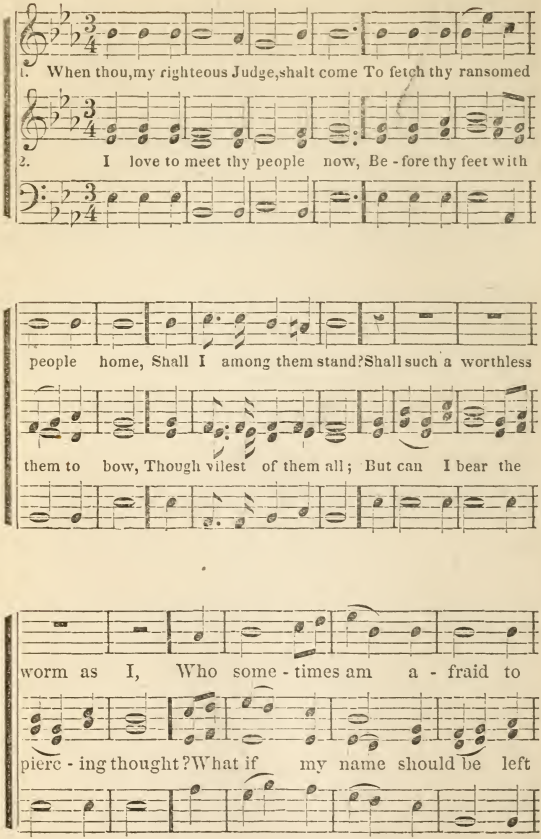
2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

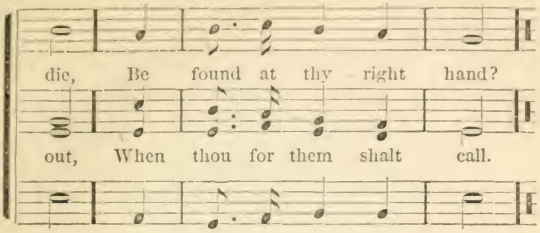
3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love:

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what appalling horrors hang
Around the Second Death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And utterly undone.

195 *Judgment Anticipated.*





3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace—
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

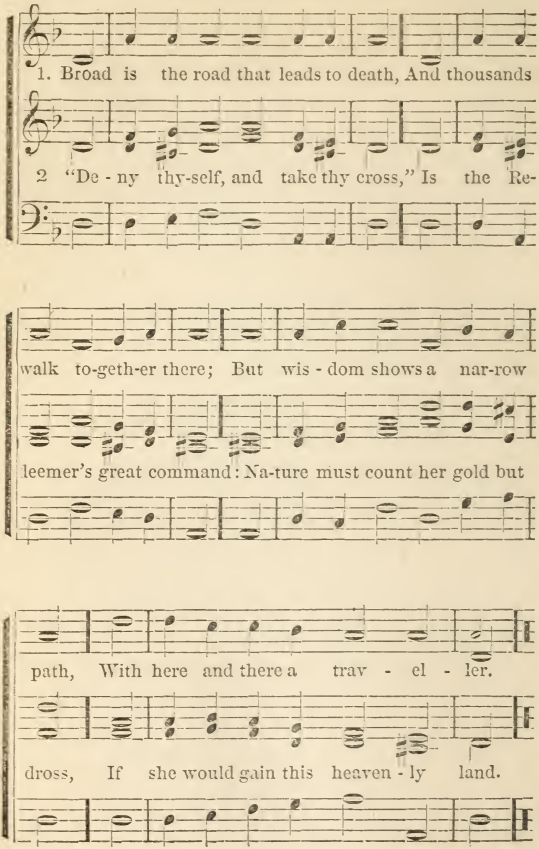
---

193 *The Penitent surrendering.* C. P. M.

1 Lord, thou hast won—at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee:
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?—
Love conquers even me.

2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been:
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now, I hate my sin.

197 *The broad and narrow Ways.*



3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

---

198 *Sinners invited to immediate Repentance.* L. M.

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah soon! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

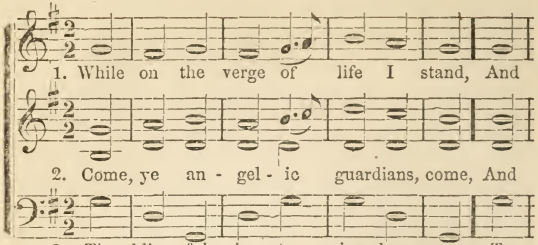
2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God he's found.

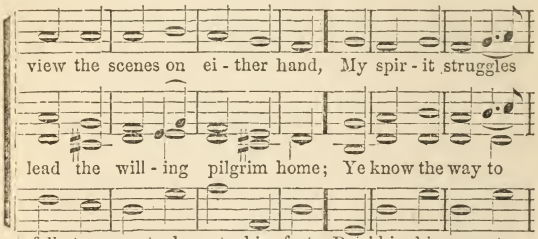
3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear, or save.

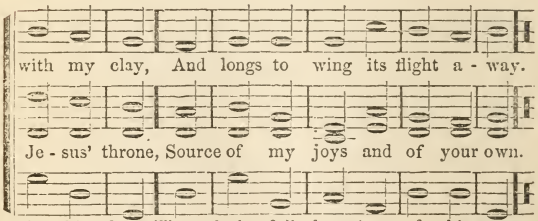
4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God he's found.

199 *Desiring to depart and be with Christ.*







* From Boston Academy's Coll., by permission.

200 *Light of Religion.* L. M.

1 Were all our hopes and all our fears
Confined within life's narrow bound;
If, travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond;

2 Did not a sunbeam break the gloom,
And not a floweret smile beneath;
Who could exist in such a tomb?
Who dwell amid the shades of death?

3 And such were life without the ray
From our divine religion given:
'Tis this, that makes our darkness day;
'Tis this, that makes our earth a heaven.

4 Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom,
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from a world to come.

---

201 *Christ's Presence makes Death easy.* L. M.

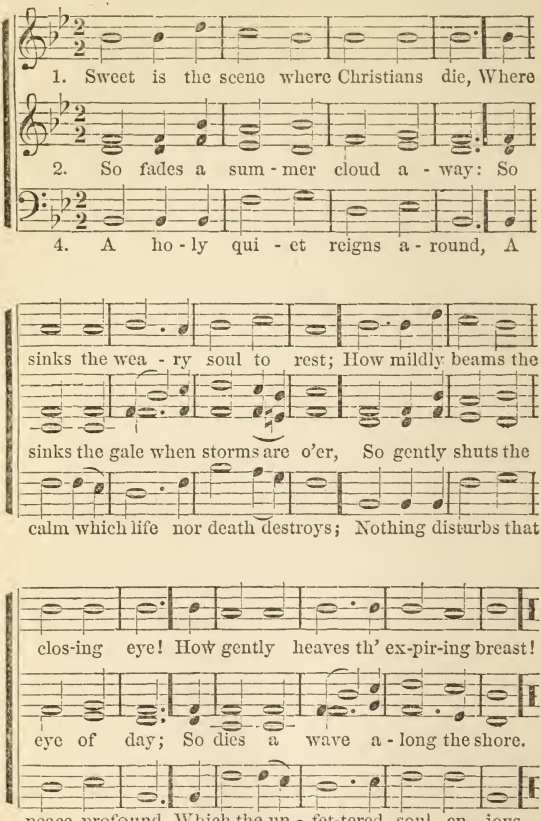
1 Why should we start, and fear to die!
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste;
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

202 *The Righteous blessed in Death.*



* From Academy's Coll., by permission.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies!

---

203 *The Young cut off in their Prime.* L. M.

1 The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay, their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

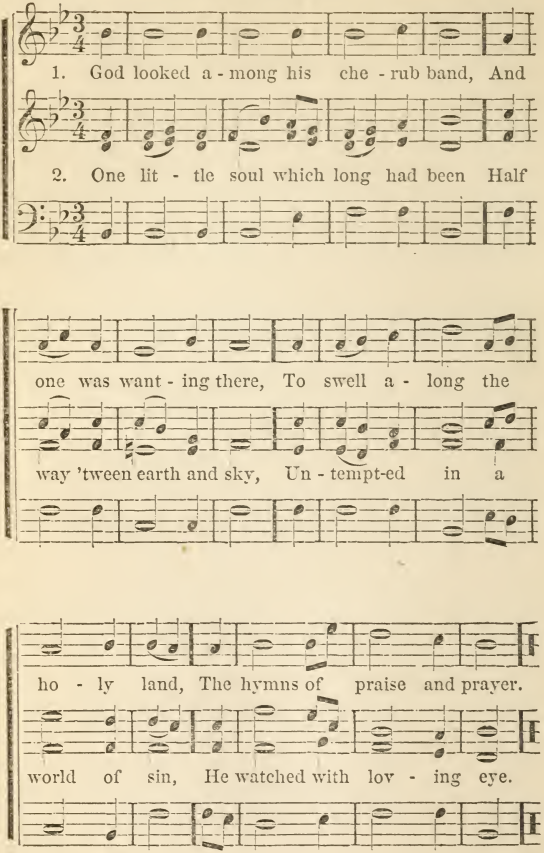
2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows:
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

204 *'Not lost though gone.'*



3 It was too promising a flower
To bloom upon this earth,
And God did give it angel power,
And bright celestial birth.

4 The world was all too bleak and cold
To yield it quiet rest;
God brought it to his shepherd fold,
And laid it on his breast.

5 There, mother, in thy Saviour's arms,
For ever undefiled,
Amid the little cherub band,
Is thy beloved child.

---

205 *The Mourner comforted.* C. M

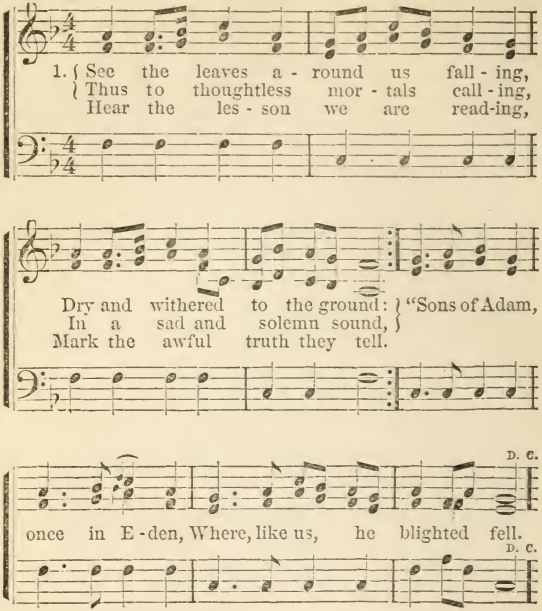
1 Oh weep not for the joys that fade
Like evening lights away;
For hopes, that, like the stars decayed,
Have left thy mortal day.

2 The clouds of sorrow will depart,
And brilliant skies be given;
For bliss awaits the holy heart,
Amid the bowers of heaven.

3 Oh weep not for the friends that pass
Into the lonely grave,
As breezes sweep the withered grass
Along the restless wave.

4 For though thy pleasures may depart,
And mournful days be given,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
When friends rejoin in heaven.

206 *The Emblem of Death.*



2 "Youth on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.
Though as yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to Autumn place.

3 "Yearly in our course appearing,
Messenger of shortest stay,
Thus we preach in mortal hearing
Ye like us shall pass away.
On the tree of life eternal,
Oh, let all our hopes be laid!
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

---

207 *Death and burial of Christians.* 8s & 7s.

1 Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

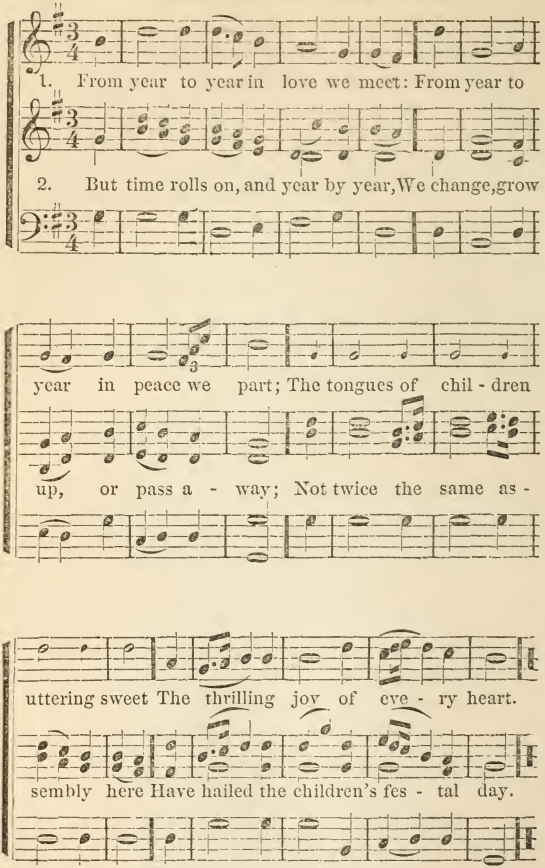
2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round th' immortal spirit's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never—never die!

4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come;
There, no fear of wo intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

5 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the graves of those you love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

208 *Sabbath School Anniversary.*



3 Death, ere another year, shall strike
Some in our number marked to fall:
Be young and old prepared alike;
The warning is to each, to all.

4 Oft broke, our failing ranks renew;
Send teachers, children, in our place,
More humble, docile, faithful, true,
More like thy Son, from race to race.

---

209 *Anniversary Hymn.* L. M.

1 To thee O Lord, we thus draw nigh,
And laud thee each returning year;
Let all the graces from on high,
In us, as babes in Christ, appear.

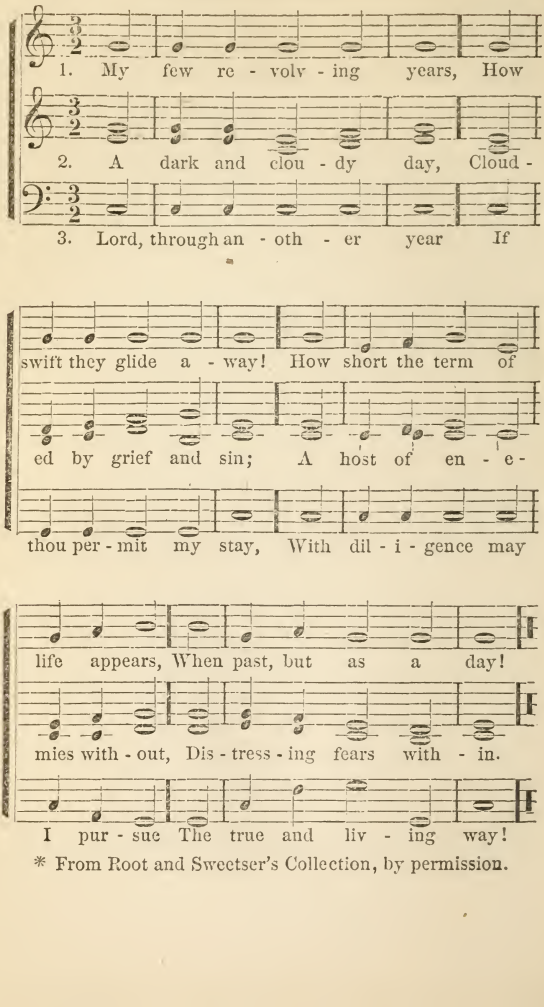
2 When up to manhood's prime we grow,
Or woman's ripening years attain,—
Advanced in grace as age below,
In us each Christian temper reign.

3 And O, if onward still we move,
Let us, when old, at thy command,
As fathers to the churches prove,
As mothers in thine Israel stand.

4 With hope that bears the spirit hence,
The life of faith in every stage,—
The strength, the child-like innocence,
And all the mellowness of age;

5 With these united all in one,
As varying schools are blended here,
May we, when once our course is run,
Complete in Christ, with Christ appear.

210 *Purposes on beginning a Year.*



* From Root and Sweetser's Collection, by permission.

211 *Uncertainty of Life.* S. M.

1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 One thing demands our care;
O, be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

4 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die,
In sudden, endless night.

---

212 *Exhortation to work while it is Day.* S. M.

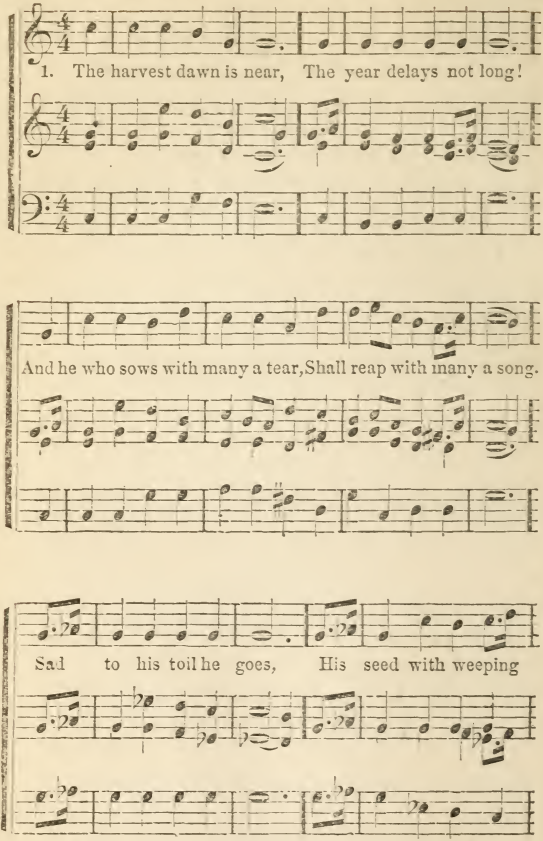
1 The swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
For know its Maker can command
An instant, endless night.

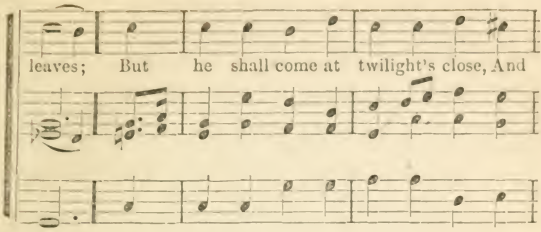
3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the rolling sphere;
Submissive, at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

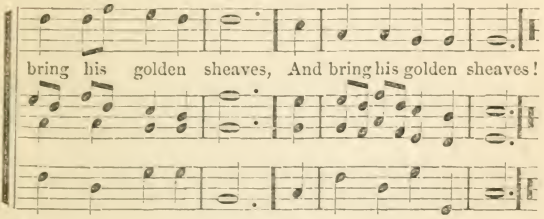
4 Then shall new lustre break
Through death's impending gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

213 *Sowing in tears to reap in Joy.*



* From Willis' Choir Studies, by permission.





214 *Sowing the Seed.* S. M.

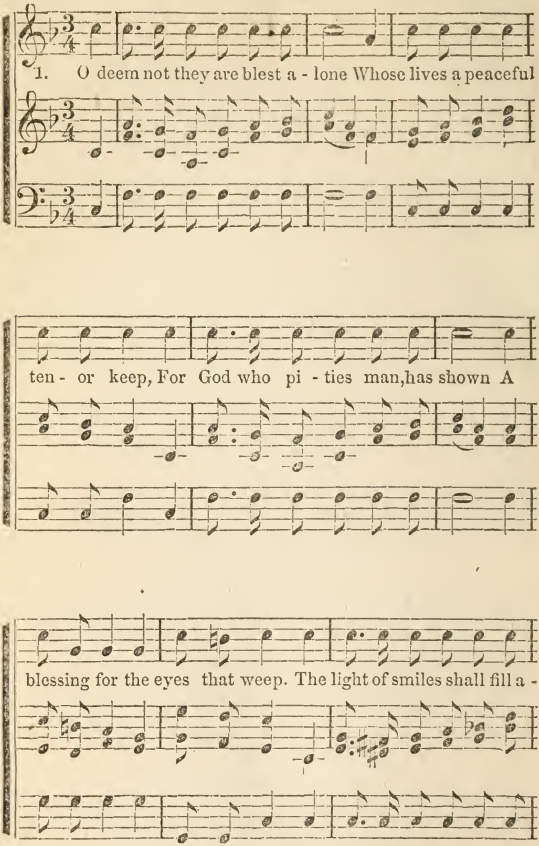
1 Sow in the morn the seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it round the land.

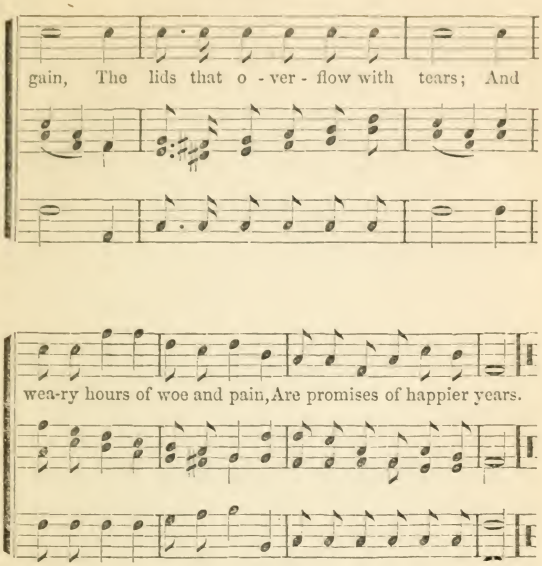
2 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
The heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout—"harvest home."

215 *They that sow in tears shall reap in Joy.*

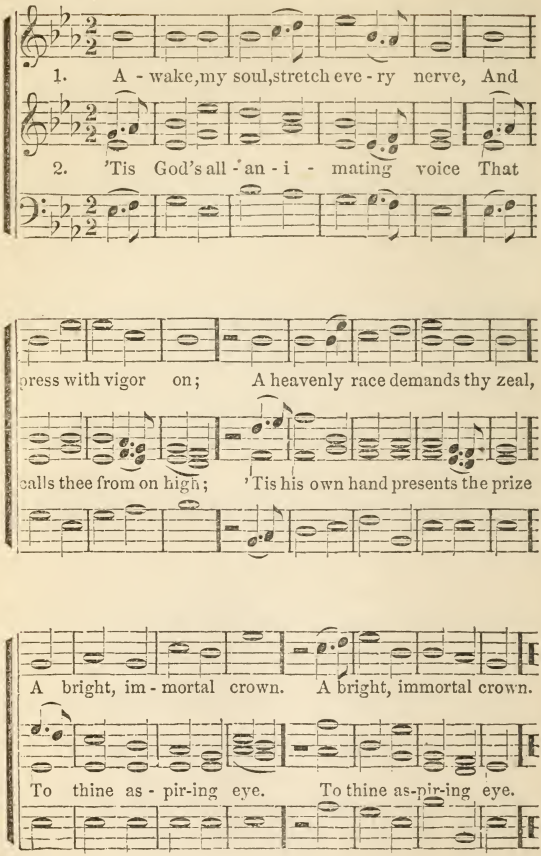




3 There is a day of sunny rest,
For every dark and troubled night,
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

216 *Christian warfare and Victory.*



3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour—introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay out laurels down.

---

217 *Christian Courage and Self-denial.*

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb!
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

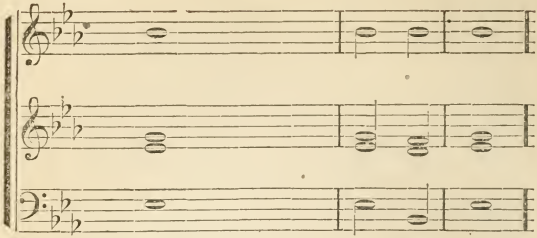
2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eyes

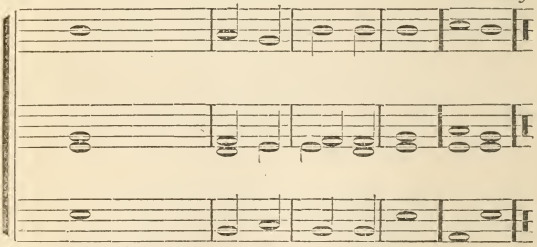
5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory, through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

218



1.	Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed.....	be thy	name:
3.	Give us this day our.....	dai - ly	bread;
5.	And lead us not into temptation, but deliver.....	us from	evil;
7.	Glory be to the Father, and....	to the	Son,
9.	As it was in the beginning, is now, and	ev - er	shall be,

2d ending.



2.	Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on.	earth, as it	is in heav'n.
4.	And forgive us our... debts, as	we for -	give our debtors;
6.	For thine is the king - dom, and the power,... and the.....	glory, for-	ever..and ever,
8.	And.....	to the	Ho - ly Ghost.
10.	World.....	with-out	end, A- men.

219

1 Blessed are the dead,
Who die in the | Lord from | henceforth:

2 Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest
From their labors;
And their | works do | follow | them.

3 Blessed and holy is he that hath
part in the first resurrection:
On such the second death | hath no | power;

4 But they shall be priests of God and of Christ,
And shall reign with | Him a | thousand | years.

5 Unto Him that loved us,
And washed us from our sins in | his own | blood,

6 And hath made us Kings and
Priests to God and his Father;
To Him be glory and do- | minion
For- | ever and | ever.

Close by repeating the first two verses very soft.

220

1 Our days on earth are as a shadow,
And there is | none a- | biding;

2 We are but of yesterday,
There is but a | step be-tween | us and | death.

3 Man's days are as grass:
As a flower of the field | so he | flourisheth:

4 He appeareth for a little time,
And | then— | vanisheth a- | way.

5 Watch, for ye know not what hour your
| Lord doth | come.

6 Be ye also ready;
For in such an hour as ye think | not the | Son
of—man | cometh—

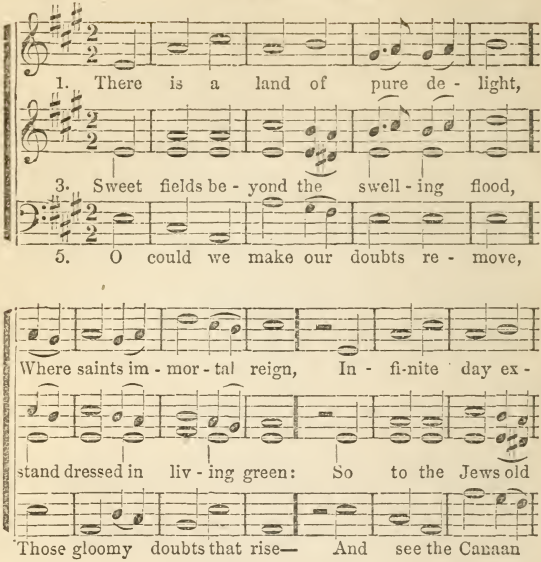
7 It is the *Lord;* let him do what | seemeth
Him | good.

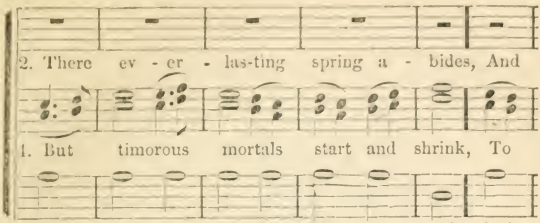
8 The Lord gave, and the Lord hath
taken away,

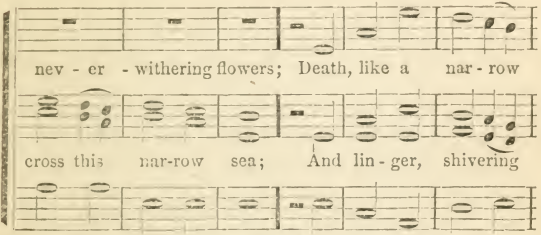
9 And | blessed—be the | name—of the | Lord,
Amen. *

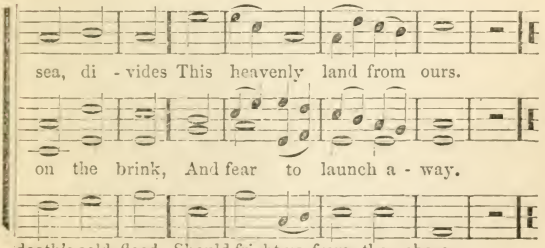
* See 2d ending for the Amen, if wished to be sung.

221 *The Promised Land.*

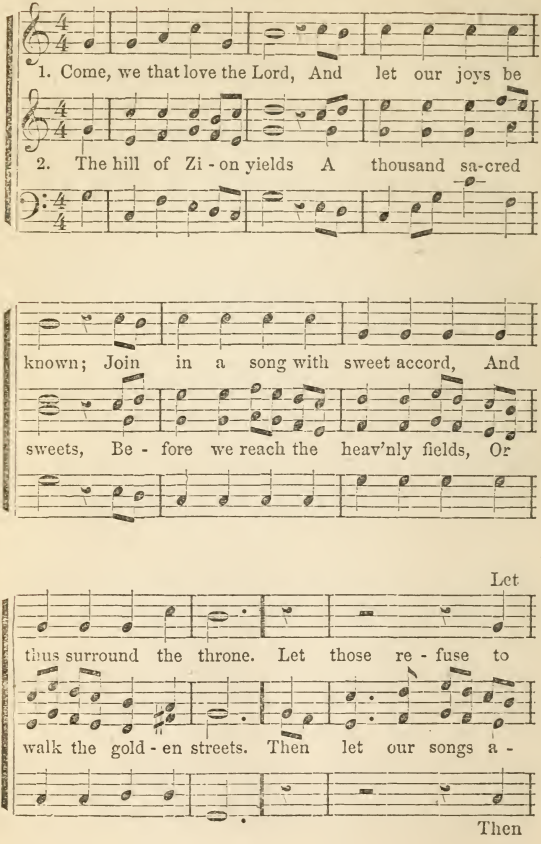


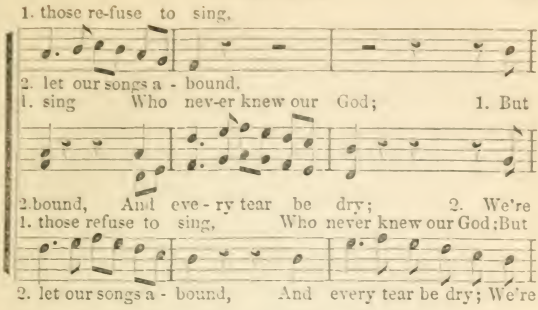

2. There ev - er - las-ting spring a - bides, And
1. But timorous mortals start and shrink, To
6. Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And

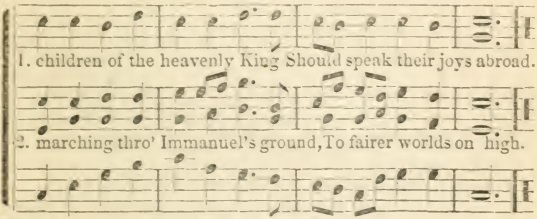

nev - er - withering flowers; Death, like a nar - row
cross this nar-row sea; And lin - ger, shivering
view the landscape o'er; Not Jordan's stream, nor


sea, di - vides This heavenly land from ours.
on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

222 *Heavenly joy on earth.*





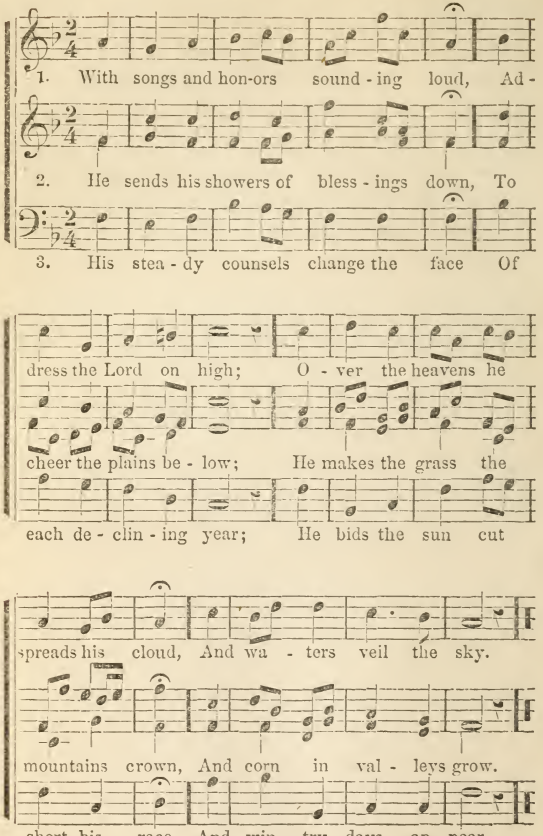


223 *Love of Christ Celebrated.* S. M.

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!
Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power,
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those, whose sins he bore.

2 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue:
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.
Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ, the eternal King.

224 *Praise to God for his perfection and providence.*



4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground:
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends his word and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn:
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 On us his providence has shone,
With gentle, smiling rays;
O, may our lips and lives make known,
His goodness and his praise.

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225 *Winter.*

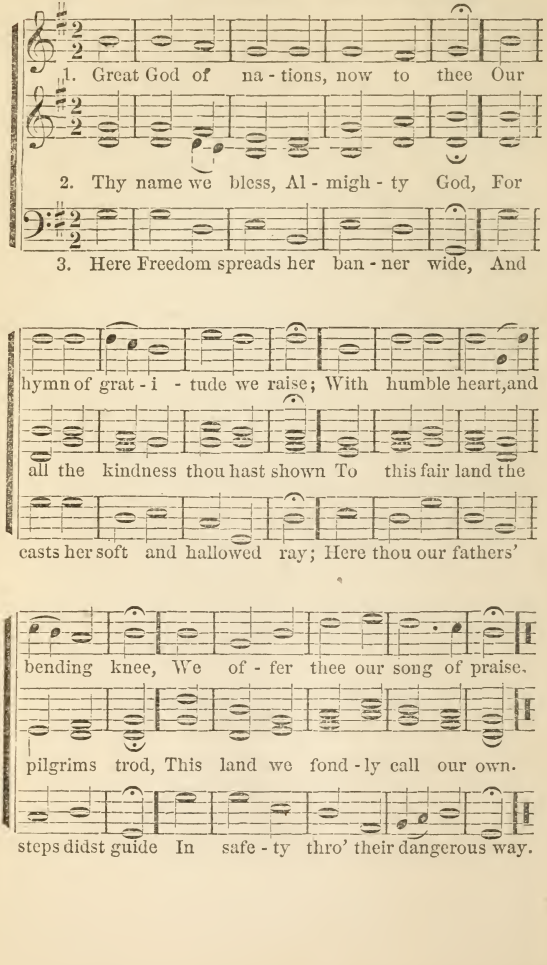
1 Stern winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd.

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

4 O happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns;
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

226 *God acknowledged in National Blessings.*



4 We praise thee, that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God! preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our guardian be;
Oh spread thy truth's bright precepts here,
Let all the people worship thee.

227 *Exhortation to universal Praise.* L. M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land—by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

228 *Doxologies.* L. M.

Be thou, O God! exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there obeyed.

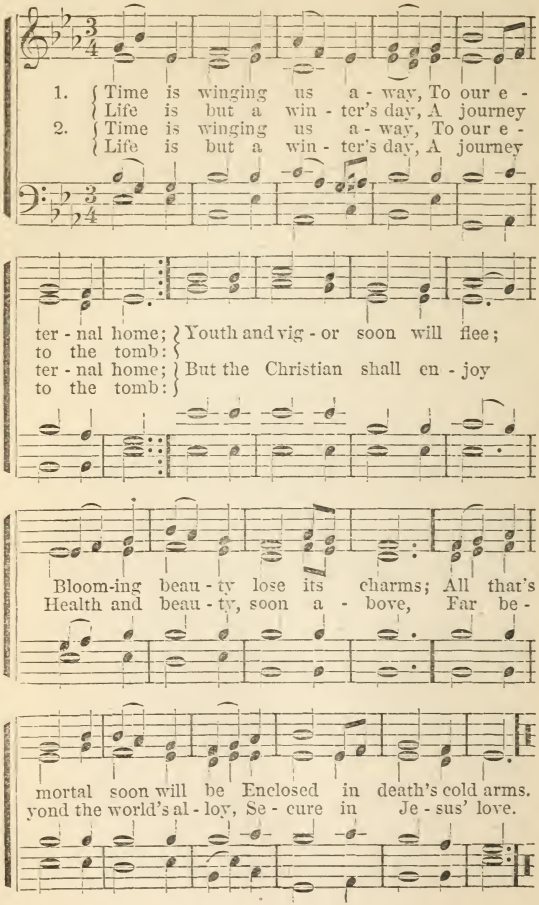
229

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth—and all in heaven.

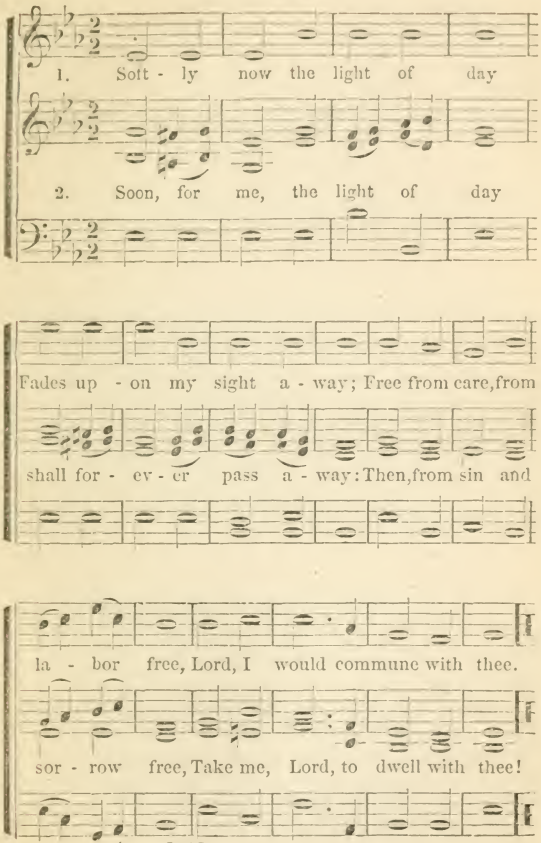
230

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

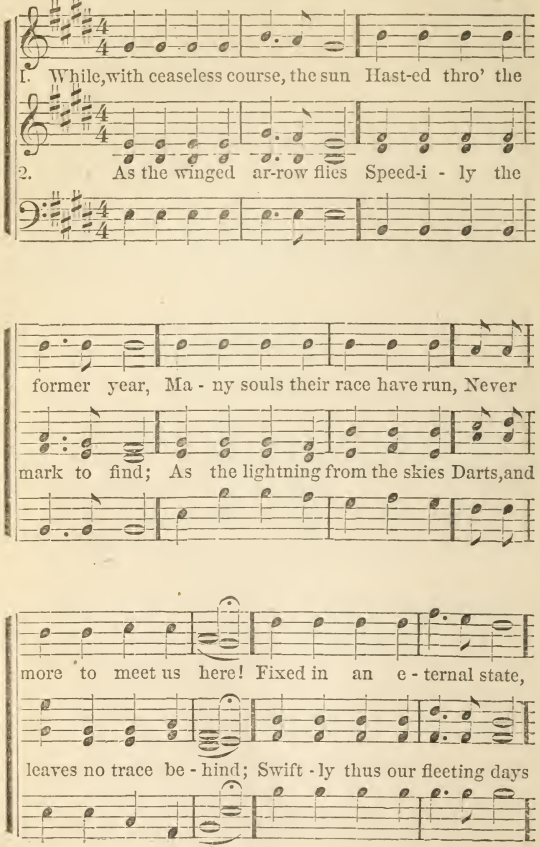
231 *Flight of Time.*

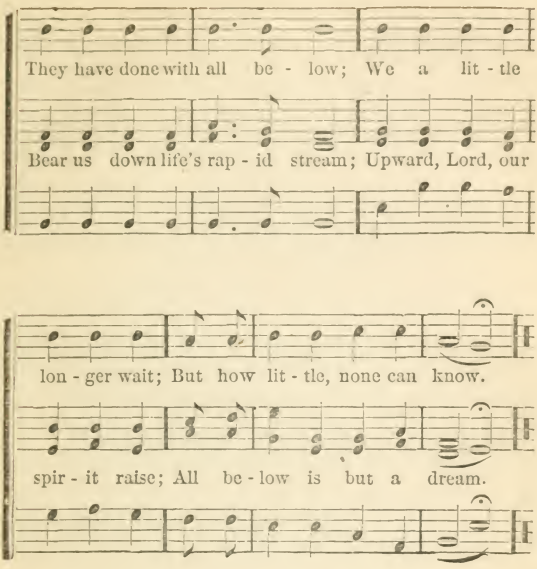


232 *Evening Hymn.*



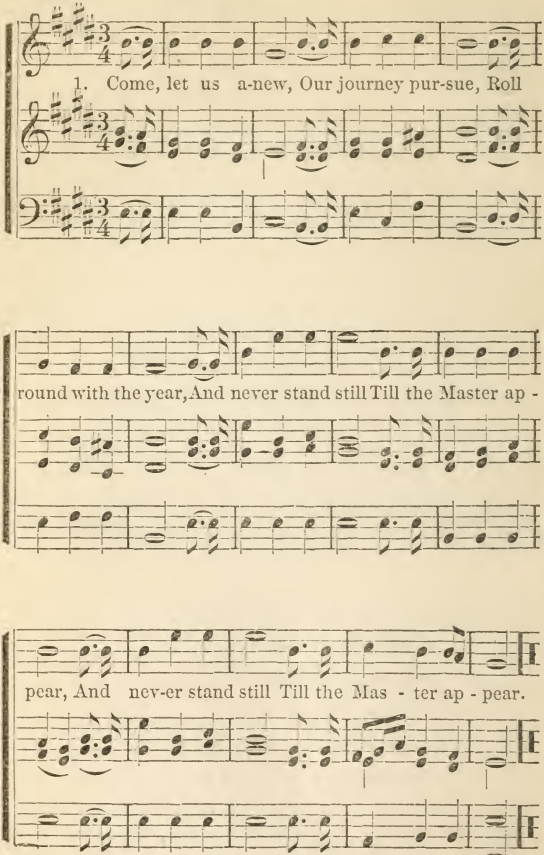
233 *Swiftness of Time. New Year.*





3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

234 *For the New Year.*



2 His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope,
And the labor of love.

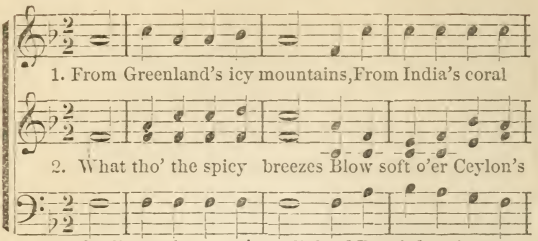
3 Our life is a dream,
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away!
And the fugitive moment
Refuses to stay.

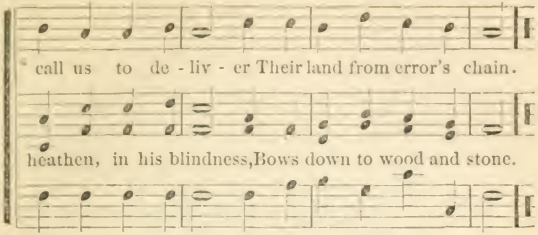
4 The arrow is flown;
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view,
And eternity's here.

5 Oh that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work
Thou didst give me to do.

6 Oh that each from the Lord
May receive the glad word—
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy,
And sit down on my throne."

235 *State and prospects of the Heathen.*





4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

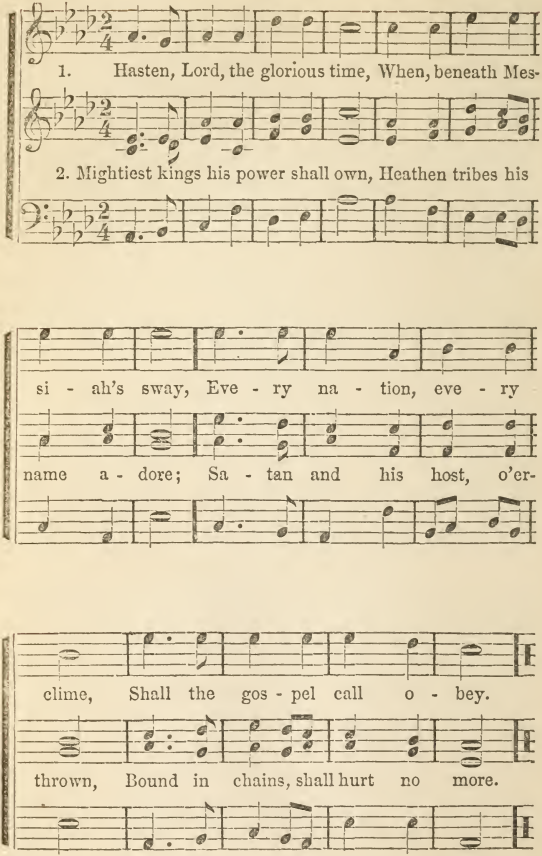
---

236 *Departure of Missionaries.* 7s & 6s.

1 Roll on, thou mighty ocean!
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales! and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler!
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm;
Thy presence e'er be with them,
Wherever they may be,
Though far from us who love them;
Still let them be with thee!

237 *Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.*



3 Then shall war and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

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238 7s

1 Hark! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore!

2 See Jehovah's banners furled!
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis done!
Now the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With supreme, unbounded sway:
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away!

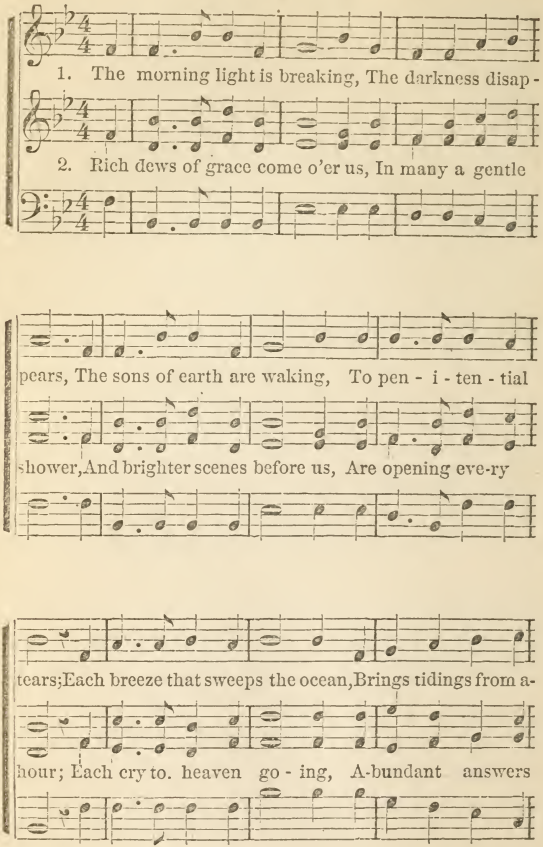
4 Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

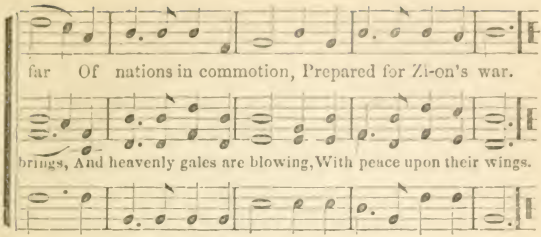
---

239 *Doxology.* 7s

1 Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

240 *"The Morning cometh."*





3 See heathen nations bending,
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending,
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

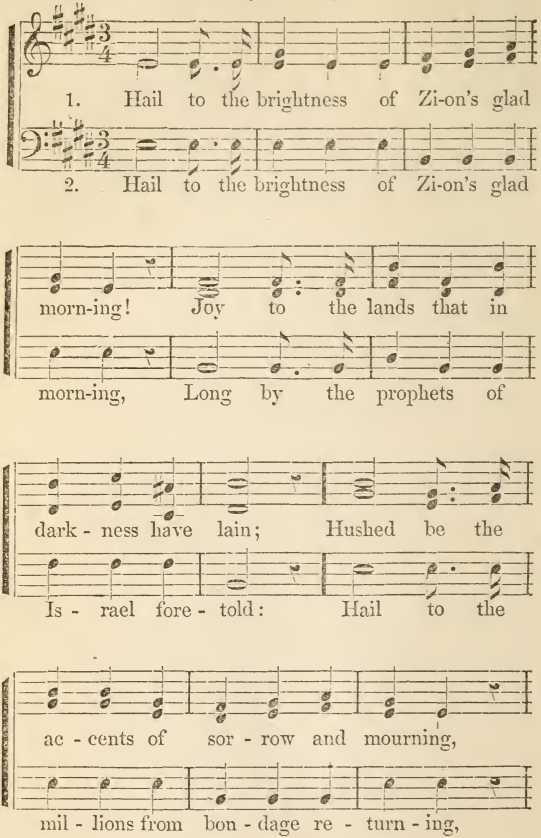
---

241 *Spread of the Gospel.* 7s.

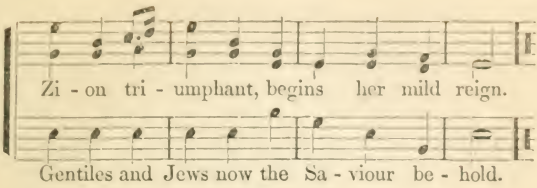
1 Hail to the Lord's annointed!
Great David's greater son,
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love and joy like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

242 *Spread of the Gospel.*



* From Sabbath School Harp, by permission.



3 Lo, in the desert, rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountains the echoes are ringing,
Vallies in verdure unite in the song.

4 See from the nations—the isles of the ocean—
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

---

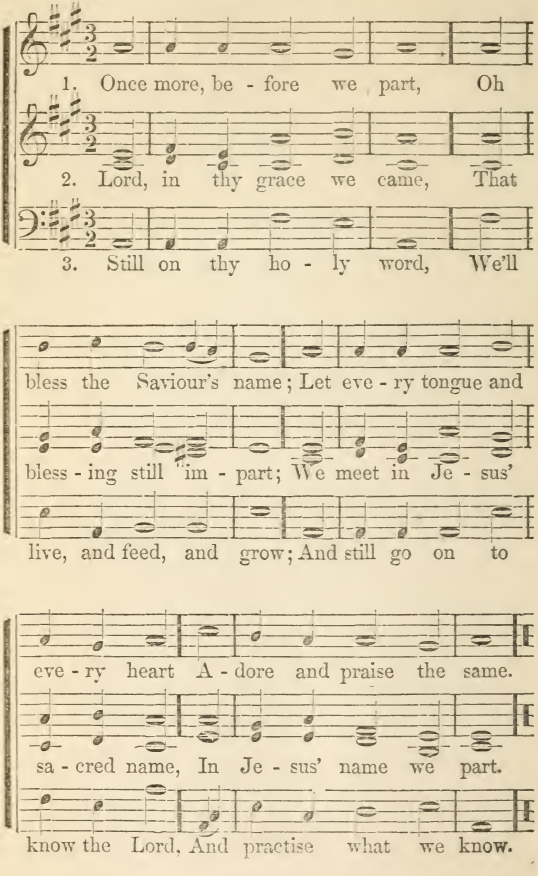
243 11s.

1 Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness!
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
Rise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far; [them,
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion! the power that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

244 *Dismission Hymn.*



4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name:
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

---

215 *Christian fellowship.* S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we are called to part,
It gives us mutual pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
From sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

246 *A Morning Song.* C. M.

1 My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And, to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

2 When, from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest;
But round the world he shines.

3 So, like the sun, would I fulfill
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

TUNE, "PETERBORO."

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247 *For the Lord's Day morning.* C. M.

1 This is the day, when Christ arose
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
And waste my hours in bed!

2 This is the day, when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well.

3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear thy word;
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.

4 I'll leave my sport to read and pray;
And so prepare for heaven:
O may I love this blessed day,
The best of all the seven.

TUNE, "PETERBORO."

248 *On retiring to rest.* S. M.

1 Lord this night I come to own
All my sins before thy throne:
All the ill I've done this day,
In thy blood Oh wash away.

2 Put on me, Oh Lord, this night,
Put on me a robe of white;
Say to me with voice from heaven,
Little child thy sin's forgiven.

3 Cheerful then my rest I'll take,
Jesus all for thy dear sake:
Glory be to God this night,
Keep me till the morning light.

TUNE, "NUREMBURG."

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249 *The Goodness and mercy of God Celebrated.* S. M.

1 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel—
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower!
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

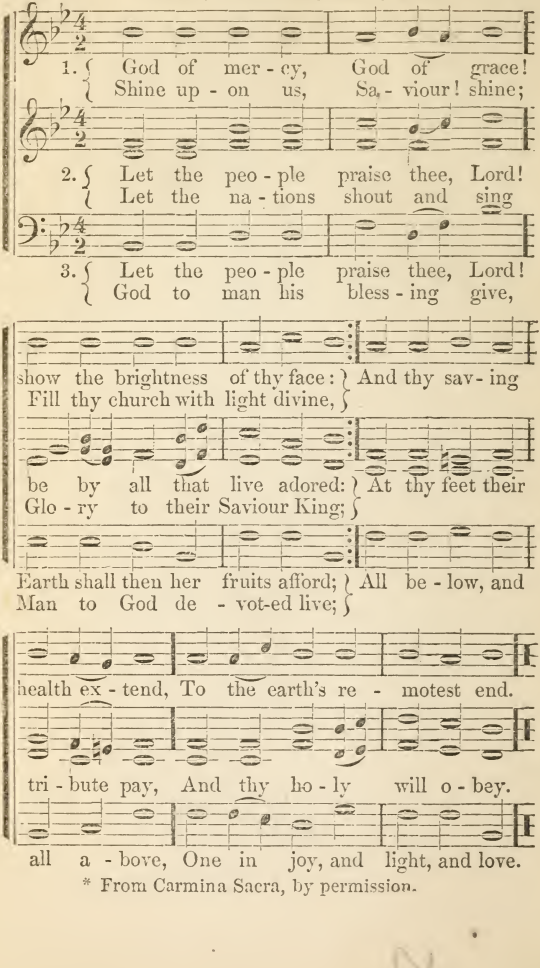
TUNE, "BOYLSTON."

250

And now I lay me down to sleep, S. M.
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

TUNE, "HAMBURG."

251 *Prayer for the Enlargement of Zion.*



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